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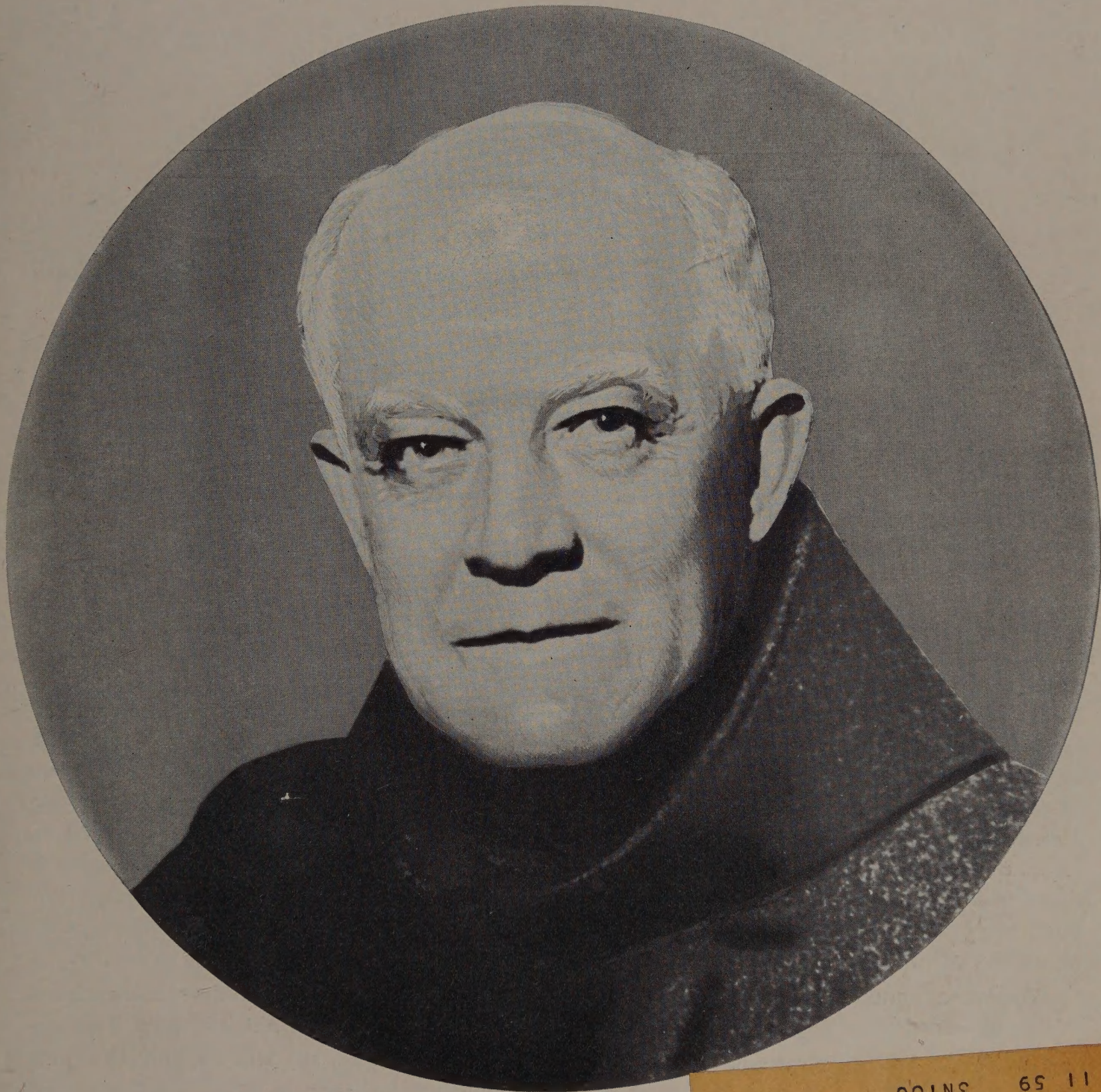
MAY 1957

APR 26 '57

The Catholic Lamp

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE

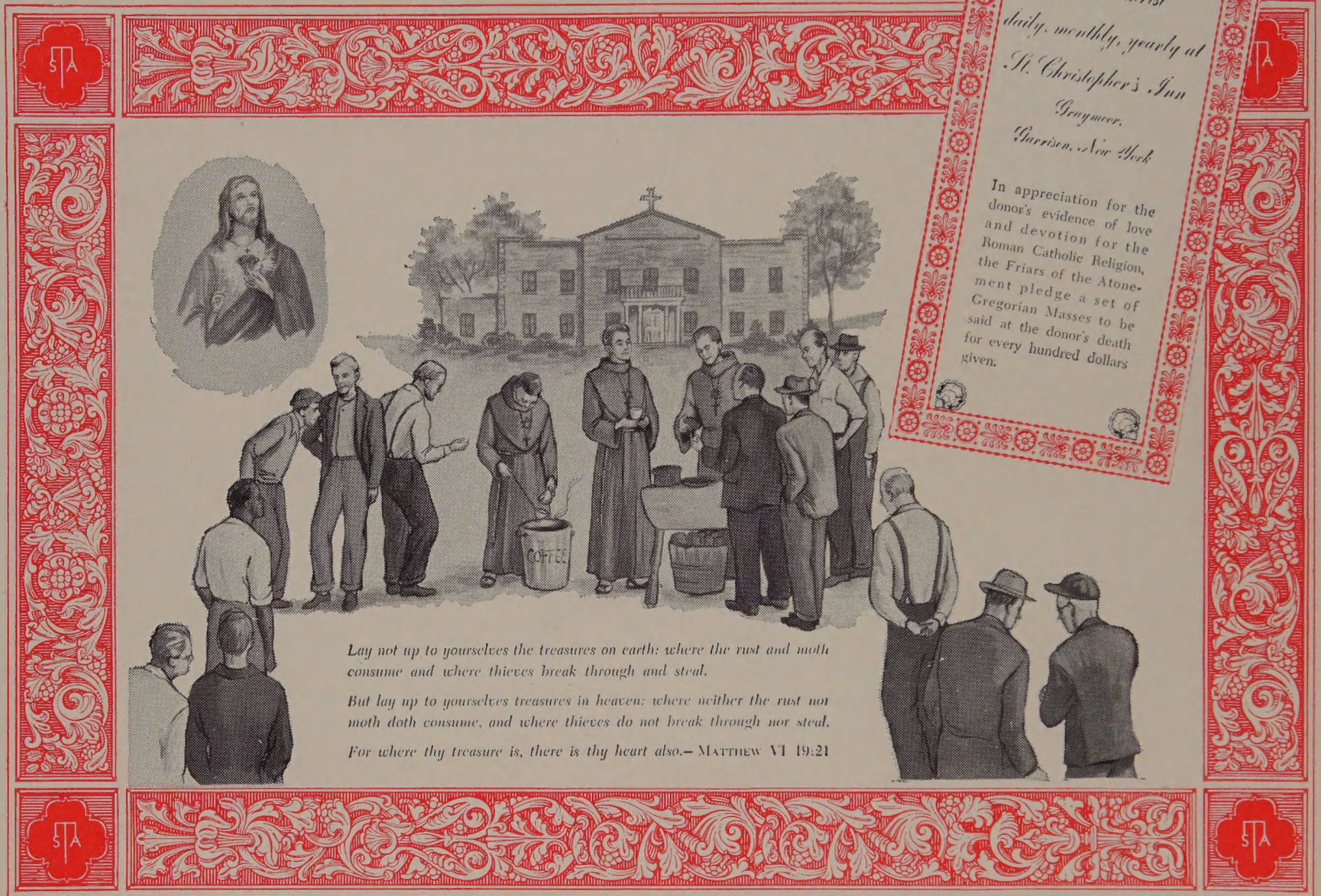
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Very Rev. Fr. Paul James Francis, S.J.

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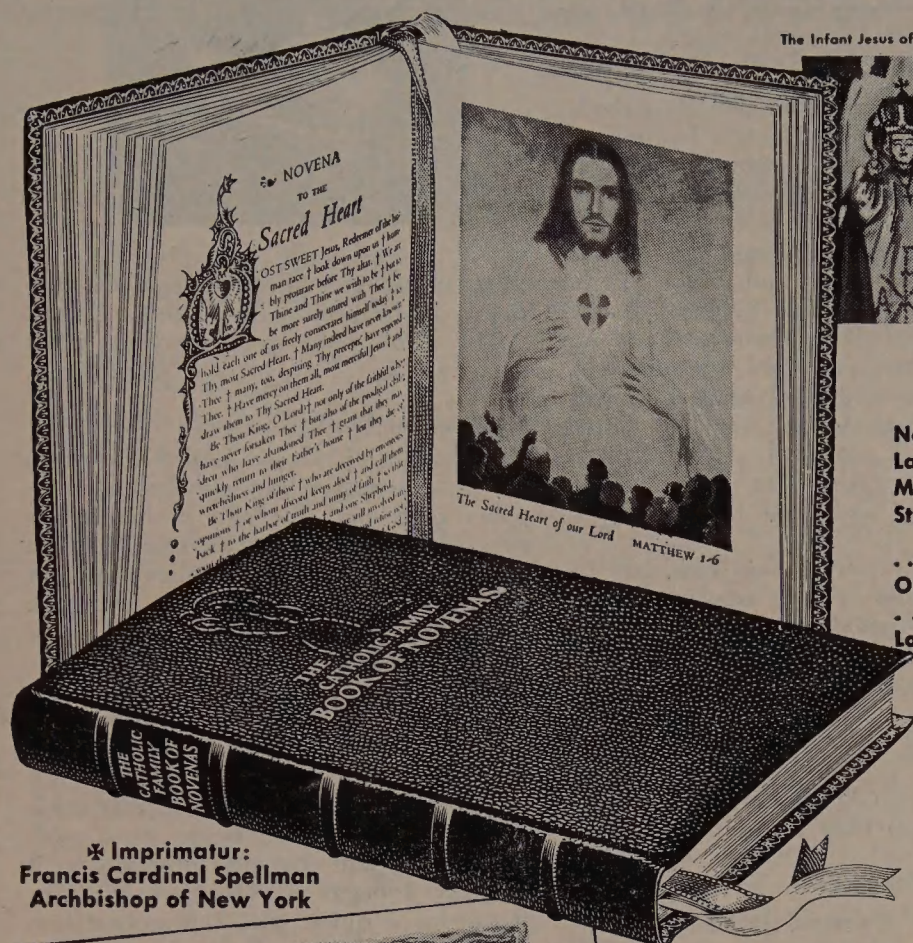
Graymoor Friars and of the men who come to us for aid. In addition, for each Meal Bond donated, the Friars will arrange a set of Gregorian Masses to be said either for you after you die, or for someone else after he or she dies, or immediately for someone who is already deceased. This set of Gregorian Masses is our thanks to you for helping us in performing the Corporal Works of Mercy.

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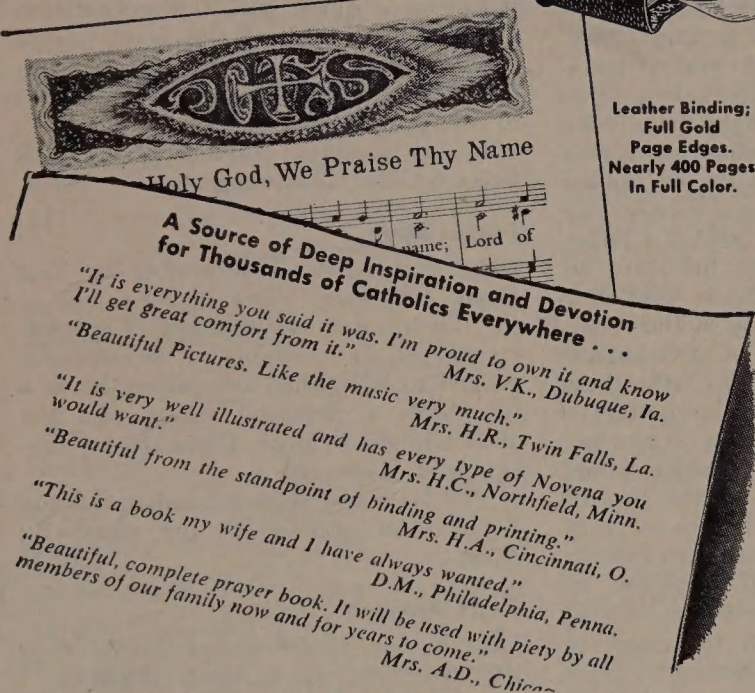
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He's the Finder of Lost Things and you'd be surprised how quickly he answers your prayers.

But finding lost rosaries or eyeglasses is by no means the extent of St. Anthony's power. He is a valued friend who helps his clients in every necessity. Our perpetual novena asking St. Anthony for his intercession takes place every night at each one of our Graymoor houses. Send us your petition to be included among the great number presented at his shrine.

Join With Us Today

A NEW NOVENA BEGINS EVERY TUESDAY

**FRANCISCAN FRIARS
OF THE ATONEMENT**

GRAYMOOR, GARRISON, NEW YORK

Correspondence

St. Christopher

Dear Father: Some time ago, after reading the letters in *THE LAMP*, I promised St. Christopher that I would send you \$5.00 in his honor for helping me to get my license and to drive safely always.

I was saving the five and after I had it saved I put it away and forgot where. I looked for some time before I found it. I had asked St. Anthony to help me find it and promised him I would add another dollar to it and send it to you in his honor. I would like this letter published as I promised.

My mother takes *THE LAMP* and I pick them up and read them when I visit her.

Is there any prayer one could say to St. Christopher before starting some place in the car? I always bless myself and ask him and Our Lord and His Holy Mother to watch over me and help me to drive safely and not harm anyone else or myself and my children.

Mrs. P.K.

The little St. Christopher card we sent some time ago may be of help.—Ed.

Jehovah's Witnesses

Dear Father: Enclosed is \$3.00 for renewal of my subscription to *THE LAMP*.

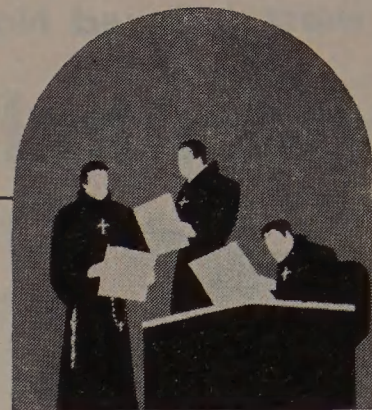
It may be of interest to you to know that I earned this money by taking three ladies as roomers overnight who were here from Canada attending graduation exercises at Jehovah's Witnesses school here. There was no time for any talk with them but I had on display a paper book library of Catholic literature so they would know my religion, and they left some of their literature in the room.

The attitude of our people around here is—have nothing to do with these people. I think it would be better to fight back by a few strong arguments when an opportunity offers which would require more knowledge on the part of our people here. I would like to see your article in *THE LAMP* giving their history and beliefs more widely distributed in vicinities where they are strong. Could you not offer reprints of this page to Catholic organizations here and in Quebec Province, etc., at a nominal cost? It is better for us to have knowledge and confidence to counteract their zeal rather than laugh off these people.

Mrs. Mary Finneran

Higher Rank

Dear Father: Enclosed please find the \$5.00 donation I promised St. Anthony. My husband is in the U. S. Army and made a higher rank, for which we both prayed to St. Anthony. My allotment check was to go, so I promised to send this donation from my first check, which was increased. I received it this month. It came through very fast, sometimes it is several months before you receive



your increase. I also promised St. Anthony publication in the Catholic *LAMP*.

May God bless you for your many good works. Mrs. J.F.K.

Newspaper Route

Dear Father: Enclosed find \$1.00 given me by a teenager boy who has a newspaper route and lost part of his collection money. After some searching he found it and gave me the above amount to give to St. Anthony. M.O.

Quick Sale

Dear Father: Enclosed is a check for \$25.00 that I promised St. Anthony I would send you for a favor received from him.

Last February we started construction on a bungalow. After being stuck with this house and paying interest on it monthly I began a Novena to St. Anthony for a quick sale. I promised him \$25.00 if he would sell this house before the end of the week and we got a contract on the following Sunday, thanks to St. Anthony.

I also promised publication of this letter in *THE LAMP* magazine. F.J.N.

Prayer Book

Dear Father: As a subscriber to *THE LAMP* for many years and reading of the favors granted through the intercession of St. Anthony, I immediately prayed to him when my prayer book, a gift from a deceased sister, was lost after Christmas Mass. I promised publication if recovered.

The book was returned unharmed and I am most grateful to the wonderful Saint. M.F.L.

Swift Answer

Dear Father: Please accept this \$1.00 as part payment of a small donation I promised to send to *THE LAMP* if a favor was granted to me.

I am a convert and praying to the Saints was very foreign to me since I knew very little about them. For years I struggled along with daily problems praying to God alone to help me. Always my prayers were answered sooner or later. But after I began to read your magazine I began to understand my religion far better. I began to pray to St. Anthony, St. Jude and St. Dymphna in particular because of this reading.

One day in desperation I prayed and promised that if God would help me in a problem that I had had for years and

(Continued on page 4)

Graymoor Gift Annuity Plan

The Lamp

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO CHRISTIAN UNITY

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This Month

The Father Founder

A few months ago when we began the serialization of the *Woman of Unity*, Sr. Mary Celine's biography of the Mother Foundress of the Sisters of the Atonement, we carried the portrait of Mother Lurana Mary Francis, S.A., on our cover. This month we carry the portrait of Fr. Paul James Francis, S.A., the Founder of the Friars of the Atonement. Together Father Paul and Mother Lurana founded the Society of the Atonement, giving to both Friars and Sisters that Graymoor spirit of unity, so necessary for their unity vocation. The Founder and the Foundress were complementary characters, each bringing to the foundation elements of special and peculiar genius which together forged the Atonement ideals and spirit.

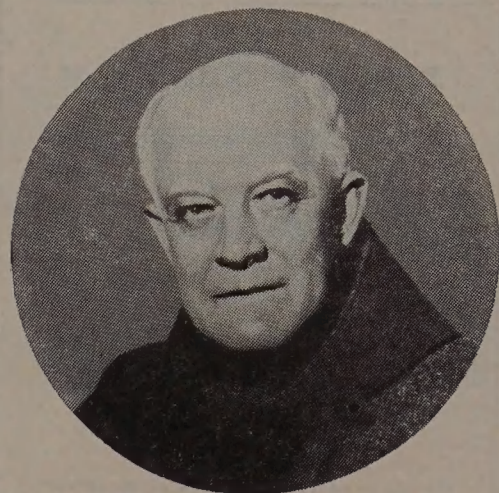
St. Joseph

St. Joseph, the Patron of the Universal Church, has two feast-days, one on March 19, and the other established by Pope Pius XII in 1955 on May 1, the feast of St. Joseph, the Worker.

St. Joseph is the model of the Catholic father, whose entire life is spent for the welfare of his family. He is also a workingman's saint because he was a tradesman all his life.

Burses

Our Burses, which you can see listed on another page, are endowments or scholarships contributed for the education of one of our Graymoor Friars for the priesthood. Our Founder, Father Paul, began these burses for the support of the students for the priesthood way back in the early days of the Society. The money he collected for this purpose at that time was carefully invested and even after all these years what people contributed then is still working to take care of the food and the housing and the education of our students and friars at Montour Falls, Saranac Lake, and Washington, D.C. And a hundred years from now it will still be working in the same way.



OUR COVER: Fr. Paul James Francis, S.A., Founder of the Friars of the Atonement

Of course, years ago when things were a lot cheaper and money went a lot farther and our numbers were not quite so large we could get along fairly well on the Burses that we had. But now we really need to increase the number.

Sometimes one person makes a single donation of \$5,000 to complete a Burse, or sometimes the one person makes donations over a period of time, one or two or three years to complete a Burse personally. Generally, though, Burses are completed by small donations of many, many people.

Correspondence Course

Recently we received a letter from our confrere, Fr. Cuthbert Micali, S.A. who is now stationed at Our Lady of the Atonement Novitiate. He tells us that he has been placed in charge of our Correspondence Course in the Catholic Religion and hopes that we will make mention of this so that our readers will know that the course is available. Fr. Cuthbert writes, "Our Course offers a basic study of the Catholic Religion by mail. It is open to Catholics and non-Catholics alike; to non-Catholics that they may be introduced to the teachings of the Catholic Church; to Catholics that they may refresh their knowledge of what they studied years ago. It is an ideal home study course and is entirely free of charge without any obligation whatsoever."

"We use the text, *Father Smith Instructs Jackson*, which is well suited for modern inquirers. All who join the course will receive a copy of the text free."

Anyone interested please drop a line to

Fr. Cuthbert, S.A.
Our Lady of the Atonement
Novitiate
Valley Falls, R.I.

THE LAMP is published monthly by The Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, Graymoor, Garrison, New York, and printed at the Graymoor Press, 102 Ringgold Street, Peekskill, New York.

EXECUTIVE and Editorial Offices, 102 Ringgold Street, Peekskill, New York. Editor, Very Rev. Samuel Cummings, S.A.; Associate Editor, Rev. Titus Cranny, S.A.; Business Manager, H. T. Murphy; Art Director, Dolores Wisinski.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, one year \$3.00; 2 years \$5.00.

Address all subscriptions and correspondence to: **The Lamp**, 102 Ringgold Street, Peekskill, New York.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Be sure to give both the old and new addresses and zone number.

SOLICITORS of this magazine are allowed to accept money only intended for subscriptions to this magazine. All donations or Mass intentions must be mailed directly to the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement, Graymoor, Garrison, New York.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Peekskill, New York, under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 30, 1903.

Unsolicited Manuscripts, unless accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes, will not be returned.

Necrology



We commend to the prayers of our readers the souls of the faithful departed, and particularly the deceased subscribers and their near relatives whose deaths have been reported to us. Thirty Masses will be said for them.

Augustine Josephine McClean, Margaret Browne, Richard Jennings, Amanda McLaughlin, Harold W. Norton, Margaret Agnes Lee, Jean De Haan, Sister M. Theresa Agnes, OSF, Joseph F. Challmes, William La Spina, George Stephenson, Fred Brazong, Louise C. Roosland, Ann Smith, Alexander Mazdowski, Lucy Regan, Mr. Minnion, Mary O'Shea, Bridie Broderick, Daniel F. Kelly, Charles Boyle, Rose A. Cuddy, Magdeline Flannery, John Glander, Sarah McGlinn, Lill McKinnan, James Killea, Mrs. Albert Wachter, Mary E. Edwards, Mr. Zephre Tatro, Mr. & Mrs. A. O. Docteur, Clarence Docteur, Sr., Mr. & Mrs. Martin Docteur, Pat Hanlon, Edward McCormick, Martin Bass, Myrtle Hanlon, Peter Hanlon, Mr. & Mrs. James Hanlon, Harvey White, Charles Constance, Murial Stroud, Mr. & Mrs. John Docteur, Belle Bourcy, William Brown, Mr. & Mrs. James McKeever, William Pelon, John Hyde, Mr. & Mrs. James Mason, Fr. O'Brien, Fr. Owen, Mrs. A. J. Weiss, Jr., Mary Connolly, Miss Helen A. Kiniry, The Major Family, The Flynn Family, Mary K. F. Major, Frances Boyle, Celia Driscoll, Lucy L. Regan, Henry Bopp, Mrs. Joseph Keppler, Elizabeth Brown, Barbara Tilson, Francis Alkire, James F. Kelley, John Meehan, Joseph Bousquet, Cecelia F. Stewart, Mrs. William F. O'Donnell, Jr., Mr. Feicht, Mr. Eberhard, Ellen O'Neill, Emil Namenstie, Anna Schessing, William Gormley, John Morris, Edward Victory, Mrs. E. Heimbrock, Rosaria Caso, George Flannery, William Flannery, Katherine Quinn, Anthony Berg, Joseph Hass, Mrs. A. Rehe, Francis H. Trombly, Mrs. J. A. (Deliva) Springett, Lewis P. Docteur, Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Lawrence, Clarence Docteur, Jr. Mr. & Mrs. Michael McCormick, Leslie McCormick, Rose Bass, Blanche Hanlon, Michael Hanlon, John Hanlon, Mr. & Mrs. Martin Donohue, Mr. & Mrs. W. P. Cummings, Mary Hanlon, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Docteur, Mr. & Mrs. George Slick, Catherine Swartout, Ross McKeever, Mr. & Mrs. David Hyde, Mr. & Mrs. John Mason, Fr. Gainor, Fr. Weind, Claude F. Martin, Anna M. Parker, Lawrence J. Rutledge, The Hervey Family, Edward James Major, Catherine Cummings, Rebecca Hamilton, James P. Tierney, Dillie Miller, Nellie Meehan, Emma Trinka, Kate Brady Kiernan, William Bannon, Margaret Dunnigan, Albert Letourneau, Josephine Erlon, Cecelia O'Rourke, Isabel Bitz, Thomas C. McCarthy, Hubert Cominella, Edward Booth, Robert Bruzek, Anthony Bloom, Sister Mary Assumpta, O.P., Anna Brodziszewski, John Francis Wyler, Elizabeth Voech, Ellen Connolly, Julia Crane, Mrs. Gallagher, Owen Brennan, Canon Egan, Leroy J. Ackermann, Esther Foster, Frederick L. Kehoe, Mary Keleher, John R. Brunner, Frank Meinrad Moestle, Emily Mense, Edward MacDonald, John Flanagan, Richard J. Goode, Victoria Dupless, Sister M. Richard Burke, James A. Walsh, Harry Higgins, Albert Skodis.

Correspondence *Continued*

I had begun to believe never could be solved, I would send this donation. I was answered so fast I could hardly believe it. So I would like everyone to know about it so they can be helped also.

Mrs. C.K.

Expanded Business

Dear Father: Please accept the enclosed check in thanksgiving to dear St. Anthony for a very special favor.

Our entire family prayed most earnestly that we be provided the money with which to expand our business, and the money came to us when it seemed almost hopeless.

We are very grateful for St. Anthony's friendship and promised in our prayers that we would make known our appreciation by publication of this letter and the enclosed \$10.00.

Mrs. P.K.

New Bike

Dear Father: Please print this if you can find space.

Arriving in Mobile by plane from Denver, Colorado with a daughter whom I had at Fitzsimmons Hospital for a heart condition, I called home the day after Christmas, only to learn someone either borrowed or stole my girl's bicycle that she had received on Christmas Day. I prayed to St. Anthony and I promised if we got the new bike back I would send \$5.00 to feed St. Anthony's poor. We got the bike back two days later in perfect condition. St. Anthony has never failed me in finding anything I had lost after I had prayed for it.

T.J.M.

Eyeglasses

Dear Father: St. Anthony has come to my rescue again. I promised him this donation and publication if he would help me find a pair of new eyeglasses I had mislaid. Sure enough, he did.

God bless you and the wonderful work you are doing. I enjoy THE LAMP very much.

M.F.J.

St. Gerard

Dear Father: Please accept this donation in return for favors received through the intercession of St. Gerard.

I had been praying so hard for my neighbor (a non-Catholic) who was expecting her second child. She had had a very long, extremely complicated labor with her first-born just 15 months ago. She was in a highly nervous and fearful state. I told her not to worry and asked her to wear (or rather) if she would wear the medal of St. Gerard and I explained it all to her.

I had my fourth child two weeks before her and when she saw how well and how easy it was for me she asked for the book on St. Gerard's life. I might add I had told her how worn out and

run down I was after the first two until I "discovered" St. Gerard.

Needless to say she had a very easy labor and no complications to speak of and is marvelling at feeling so well.

I promised I would write this to THE LAMP.

Mrs. C.M.

Reconciliation

Dear Father: I promised to have this letter published in THE LAMP if my favor was granted.

My niece was married several months before we learned about it. It was a great shock to her mother and myself, as they live here with me. Through an argument on the phone, the day we heard about it, she didn't come home. We were greatly upset as her mother was very bitter about the whole thing. I started a Novena to St. Anthony and to Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal. After three weeks I went and brought her home for her clothes as she was living with her husband's people. The fourth week of my Novena she came to see her mother and since then everything has been fine. She comes regularly now.

Thanking you, Father, and my thanks to Saint Anthony and Our Blessed Mother.

C.C.

Tooth Ache

Dear Father: Please accept the enclosed \$3.00 as a gift to Our Blessed Lady and The Sacred Heart of Jesus for prayers answered for safe teeth extractions.

Please publish this in THE LAMP.

Mrs. A.O.

Parochial School

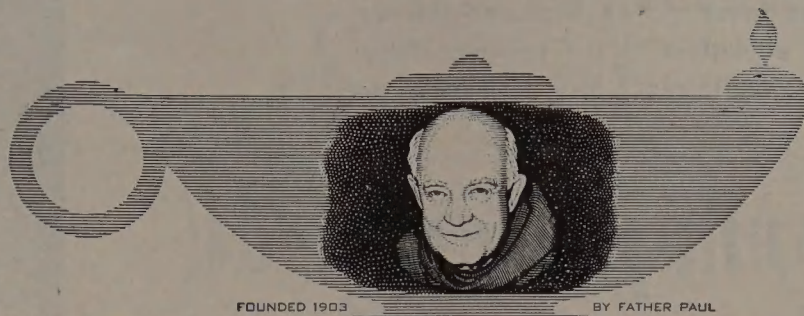
Dear Father: I promised St. Anthony and the Infant of Prague a public acknowledgment and this small donation for this great miracle that happened to us.

Two months ago we moved to this suburban town. Our daughter who is ten had been going to a parochial school. After we had bought the house and moved in we found out it was impossible for our daughter to continue parochial training. We made trips all over, to no avail. It was just hopeless we were told by the neighbors and Clergy themselves, as this town is just overly populated. I knew in my heart that dear St. Anthony and the Infant of Prague would not forsake us. So I very fervently told them of our great unhappiness and how nothing on earth could be done by us but only by their help. Two days later she was taken into the parochial school, much to the amazement of all our neighbors. We feel so thankful and happy that so great a blessing has been bestowed on us. I shall never forget St. Anthony and the Infant of Prague in my prayers.

Mrs. A.W.

If you have promised publication and your letter does not appear, do not become upset or worried. You keep your promise once you send us the letter and give us permission to publish it.

May
1957



Volume Fifty-five
Number Five

IN FOCUS... AS WE SEE IT

School Buses and the First Amendment

IN this country the separation of Church and State is guaranteed by our First Amendment which says, "Congress shall make no law, respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This means that no State religion can be established: it means that no one form of religion, or no one religious sect, can be given special privileges or benefits not granted to other sects: it also means that the State cannot prohibit anyone from freely following his religious beliefs and exercising them. And *that's all* it means.

In the city of Augusta, Maine, there are about 3300 children attending public schools and about 900 children attending parochial schools. If the children who attend the public school live a certain distance away, the City spends some of the tax money to pick them up and transport them to classes. If, on the other hand, parochial school children live a certain distance away from the school they attend, they either walk to classes or their parents furnish the transportation.

This situation seemed somewhat unfair to the majority of the residents of Augusta and so last December by a vote of 3915 to 2470 they put through a referendum in favor of free public transportation for all the children whether they attend public or parochial schools. However, despite the referendum, the city did nothing about parochial schools. This was not because the city was insensitive to the needs of these children but because there is a doubt whether supplying such money for the benefit of parochial school children would be permitted by the Constitution of the State of Maine.

TO get some action in the matter, the parents of the parochial school children threatened to withdraw their children from the parochial schools and enroll them in the public schools unless the transportation which had been approved in the referendum were supplied. Had this threat been carried out the City of Augusta would have had to build an

extra public school and would have had to hire extra teachers. It has been estimated in addition to a new school this would have come to \$200,000 a year.

That's a lot of tax money to collect and so the City Council voted an appropriation of \$100 to give transportation to the children of parochial schools. Then the whole matter was turned over to the Supreme Court of the State of Maine for a decision. Meanwhile the Catholic children remained in the parochial schools and, incidentally, continued to walk to classes.

A leader in the Augusta Taxpayers Association, a group formed to fight against providing transportation for parochial school children, made the following statement: "One of the time-honored principles of our American way of life has been that the State and Church be separate. It has preserved for us our basic freedom of worship and thought.

"To grant such aid would be in direct violation to the Constitutional principle of the separation of Church and State and be, also, the opening wedge to other benefits and appropriations."

SUCH a statement was not unexpected. Every time the question of extending to parochial school children the same health and welfare service enjoyed by public school children someone starts shouting about the "wall of separation" and worrying out loud that our American way of life is going down the drain.

However, the statement rather misses the point. The City of Augusta provides bus transportation to the children to protect their health, to insure their safety, and to make it easier for them to get to school from a long distance. The enjoyment of such welfare benefits is a *civic* right. To deprive a child of safety, health, and welfare benefits because he happens to attend a parochial school is discrimination on the basis of religious belief and is a violation of religious liberty. †

See back cover for details

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE - *The Lamp* - 5

A completed Burse of Five Thousand Dollars
insures the education of a Graymoor Friar
and enables him to reach his goal—the Altar

Uncompleted BURSES

Is YOUR PATRON SAINT among those listed below? There is no better way to honor your heavenly namesake than by contributing to the Burse bearing his or her name. It is by means of the Burses that young men are advanced to the Sacred Priesthood in the Graymoor Community.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR APRIL 1957

O. L. of the Atonement: \$6,358.58
Mrs. R.M.H., Pa., \$5; Mrs. M.V.D., N.Y., \$5; In Memory of R.M., \$5,000.

St. Bernadette: 4,605.00
Mrs. D.V.Q., N.J., \$1; J.W.F., N.Y., \$1; Mrs. D.V.Q., N.J., \$1.

St. Margaret of Scotland: 4,581.26
Boston Province, N.Y., \$66.34; Verdun Group, Can., \$300; N.Y. Province, N.Y., \$262.57.

St. Ann: 4,504.40
A.G., Ky., \$1; G.G., Mich., \$5; Mrs. P.S., Minn., \$5; M.D., N.Y., \$5.

St. Anthony: 4,291.91
J.G., N.Y., \$2; Anon., \$1; T.C., Mass., \$5; J.F., L.I., \$5; Mrs. M.C., Fla., \$2; V.M., N.J., \$1; Miss B.C.B., N.J., \$1; J.G., Ill., \$10; Mrs. H.N., L.I., \$1; Mrs. R.H., Mich., \$5; Mrs. M.S., Ill., \$7; M.B., Can., \$2; R.C., Mass., \$1; Mrs. H.J.S., O., \$10; Mrs. E.W., Wash., \$2; K.W., Wis., \$1; Anon., \$1; C. & U.L., L.I., \$5; Mr. & Mrs. M.P., N.Y., \$1; Mrs. J.S., Wyo., \$6; Anon., \$10; Mrs. J.W., N.J., \$5; Mrs. A.K., N.Y., \$3; K.W., Wis., \$2; D.C., Can., \$4; Mrs. M.B., Can., \$1; H.M., Conn., \$5; M.A.G., N.Y., \$2; Mrs. E.C., Mass., \$1; Anon., \$2; Mrs. M.L., Ill., \$3; Mrs. D.M.M., Ga., \$10; Mrs. R.E.J., Minn., \$2; J. Family, Pa., \$1; Mrs. L.McC., Ill., \$2.50; A.G., Mass., \$5; M.F., Nebr., \$5; Mrs. L.J.D., Ia., \$1; J.K., Mass., \$1; Miss L.G., Calif., \$5; Mrs. M.C., N.Y., \$1; C.B., N.J., \$1; Mrs. A.S., Calif., \$2; J.G., Calif., \$5; Mrs. J.W., N.Y., \$1; Mrs. J. McL., Mich., \$5; G.D.J., Mich., \$5; E.A., R., N.Y., \$5; Mrs. G.F., Mass., \$5; J.D., Minn., \$2; F.McS., Minn., \$5; M.A.P., Mass., \$1; T.F., Ill., \$5; Mrs. E.C., Fla., \$2; Mrs. F.H., Wash., \$2; O.B.M., Ore., \$5; Mrs. J.O., Calif., \$2; M.E.A., N.Y., \$5.

St. Pius X: 4,144.48
Mrs. F.B., Nebr., \$2; Mrs. A.M., Conn., \$1; Mrs. M.F.W., Va., \$5; M.A., Tex., \$2; I.R., N.J., \$1; Mrs. H.M., R.I., \$1; Mrs. A.F., N.Y., \$1.

Little Flower: 4,045.91
M.F., Nebr., \$5; T.M., N.Y., \$2.

St. Joseph: 3,964.24
J.G., N.Y., \$2; J.C.H., N.Y., \$2; J.J.W., Calif., \$5; C.B., N.J., \$1; N.M.M., Pa., \$5; M.L., Ind., \$25; Mrs. T.E., N.Y., \$5; M.M., L.I., \$5; M.E.A., N.Y., \$5.

Infant of Prague: 3,953.35
J.G., N.Y., \$2; Mrs. K.B., N.J., \$1; Mrs. T.H., N.J., \$3; Mrs. J.W., N.Y., \$4; C.B., N.J., \$1; Mr. & Mrs. M.K., N.Y., \$5; Mrs. J.McL., Mich., \$5; M.E.A., N.Y., \$5.

St. Francis Xavier: 3,016.60
J.W.F., N.Y., \$1.

SS. Peregrin and Dymphna: 2,767.79
M.M., N.Y., \$1; M.C., N.J., \$5; M.F.H., O., \$2; Mrs. J.C.B., N.Y., \$1; M.H., \$1; Mrs. O.Z., N.Y., \$1; Mrs. R.S., N.H., \$1.

O.L. of Perpetual Help: 3,040.30

St. Jude: 2,523.22
J.G., N.Y., \$2; Mrs. G.B., Mich., \$2; D.D., N.H., \$50; B.G., Pa., \$25; J.M.K., N.J., \$1; Mrs. M.S., N.Y., \$1; Mrs. W.R., Ill., \$5; Mrs. J.B., Va., \$1; Mr. & Mrs. M.P., N.Y., \$1; Mrs. E.B., La., \$1; Mrs. P.M., Wash., \$5; Mrs. L.McC., Ill., \$2.50; Mr. & Mrs. J.D., Miss., \$1; P.S., O., \$2; Mrs. J.C.B., N.Y., \$1; M.H., N.Y., \$8; P.S., O., \$2; M.E.A., N.Y., \$5.

St. Matthias: 2,314.76

Sacred Shoulder: 2,240.95

Bl. Martin De Porres: 2,161.82
A.D.C., N.Y., \$5; Mrs. M.S., Ill., \$6; M.M.O.B., Mass., \$1; Mrs. E.D.T., Tex., \$2.

O.L. of the Miraculous Medal: 2,136.70
Mrs. F.M., Wis., \$5; A.M.H., Mich., \$10; Mrs. A.M., Calif., \$10; Mrs. A.H., Md., \$1; M.E.A., N.Y., \$5.

Our Lady of Lourdes: 2,125.55
M.W.F., N.Y., \$1; Mrs. W.O'C., Pa., \$2; M.V.A., N.J., \$1.

St. Lawrence: 2,104.00

SS. Michael and Honora: 2,007.50

St. Rita: 1,749.25
Mrs. R.H., Mich., \$5; J.W.F., N.Y., \$1.

St. Raphael: 1,300.66
Mrs. H.N., L.I., \$1.

Hope: 1,122.05

Father Drumgoole: 1,107.00
W.A.N., N.J., \$10.

Holy Spirit: 969.25
Mr. & Mrs. A.O., S.I., \$3.

St. Patrick: 962.03
Miss A.M.C., N.J., \$2.

All Saints: 958.37
Mrs. A.G., Ill., \$5.

Sacred Heart: 951.13
Mrs. E.B., N.Y., \$7; Mr. & Mrs. T.F., N.J., \$5; M.W., N.Y., \$10; M.E.A., N.Y., \$5.

Immaculate Conception: 923.95

St. John Baptist: 906.85

Brother Jude: 873.20
J.A.L.E., Del., \$5.

Holy Souls: 742.60

St. Michael: 732.50

Blessed Sacrament: 717.08
J.F., Pa., \$1; Mrs. E.A.McC., N.Y., \$2.

Father Baker: 696.35
C.W., N.Y., \$10.

Holy Face: 687.55
S.M.E., Minn., \$1.

St. Frances Cabrini: 615.03
T.F.C., N.Y., \$3; Mr. & Mrs. C.B., Mo., \$25.

Brother Barnabas: 605.00

O.L. of Fatima: 601.50
J.W.F., N.Y., \$1.

Our Sorrowful Mother: 568.32

Precious Blood: 558.00

St. Francis of Assisi: 500.89
C.H., N.Y., \$2; C.B., N.J., \$1.

O.L. of Prompt Succor: 467.80

Brother Philip: 452.30

St. Christopher: 439.90
Mrs. M.S., Ill., \$7; Mrs. C.M., Conn., \$2; Mrs. J.B.S., Wyo., \$2; Mrs. J.H., Conn., \$10.

Five Holy Wounds: 426.10

St. Gerard Majella: 394.93
Mrs. V.S., Ore., \$2; A.D.M., Mass., \$5; Anon., \$5; H.C., N.Y., \$5.

Holy Family: 378.00

Mother Lurana, S.A.: 375.65
Mr. & Mrs. M.P., N.Y., \$1.

St. Margaret Mary: 352.55
Miss M.B., L.I., \$1.

St. Eugene: 349.39

Father Paul: 336.35
J.B., Minn., \$1.

St. John the Apostle: 290.06

St. Philomena: 280.00
Mr. & Mrs. M.P., N.Y., \$1; W.P.M., Ill., \$1; M.C.B., Pa., \$5.

Our Lady of the Rosary: 270.75
Mr. & Mrs. M.P., N.Y., \$1.

St. Bridget of Ireland: 234.20

St. Vincent: 207.00

St. Mary Magdalene: 196.50

Brother Andre: 153.00
Mrs. S.C., Me., \$12.

Sacred Head: 150.45

St. Maria Goretti: 137.00
J.F., Pa., \$10.

Most Holy Trinity: 128.20

Brother Anthony: 120.60

Pope Pius XI: 104.60

SS. Adam and Eve: 104.00

St. Clare: 86.20

Our Lady of Victory: 82.50

Venerable Catherine Tekawitha: 78.75

St. Paul: 77.70

St. Teresa: 65.60

St. Blase: 51.25

St. George: 41.00

Father Flanagan: 33.00

St. Luke: 27.00

Our Lady of Faith: 25.00

Brother Ignatius, S.A.: 15.00

Our Lady of La Leche: 7.00

Honor your
favorite Saint



SUPPORT A GRAYMOOR BURSE



OLD SAINT MARY'S

by RALPH THOMAS, S.A.

IF you take Route 5 south out of Washington, a 70 mile trip transports you from the traffic rush of busy Pennsylvania Avenue in the Nation's Capital to quiet little St. Mary's City, the capital of the first English colony in Maryland. So, being free on a pleasant day last July, I started by car to see what remained of this early Catholic settlement. My companion was a priest whose principal occupation is Scripture study, but who makes his particular hobby American history.

After passing Andrews Air Force Base, where the air fairly churned with the movement of big planes and helicopters, we continued on along a narrowing route by roadsigns such as "Beantown," "Morganza," and "Redgate." At "Great Mills" we were deep into St. Mary's County and on the edge of St. Mary's River, places consecrated "to the Blessed Virgin Mary by Father Andrew White of the Society of Jesus in the year 1634." Several minutes later a simple stone monument on the side of the road indicated an important event of American history—the offering of the Mass to God in thanksgiving for having led the English pilgrims of 1634 to a "Land of Sanctuary," where they and their descendants might live in civil and religious freedom.

The quiet beauty of the place, its summer luxuriance, the soft breeze sounding through the trees to

the accompaniment of the song of native birds suggested that the land had not changed much since Father White described it over three centuries ago. In his *Relation of Maryland*, an enthusiastic description of the place of settlement in the New World, he had written: "I will end with the soyle, which is excellent so that we cannot sett downe a foot but tread on strawberries, raspries, fallen mulberrie vines, acchorns, walnutts, saxafras, etc. and those in wildest woods. The ground is of a readish colour. All is high woods except where the Indians have cleared for corne. It abounds with delicate springs which are our best drinke. Birds diversely feathered there are infinite as, eagles, swans, hernes, geese, partridge, read, blew, partie coloured and the like, by which will appear, the place abounds not alone with profit, but also with pleasure. *Laus Deo.*"

Nearby, in a clearing overlooking the river, was an altar, upon which, in 1934, Marylanders had celebrated the tercentenary of the original landing. From the altar we could see out into the river which empties into the Potomac, "a beautiful river," wrote Father White, and one which in comparison "the Thames seems a mere rivulet."

Returning to the car, we continued on to the center of St. Mary's. Although incorporated long ago as a city and for 60 years the capital of

colonial Maryland, the place has always had the aspect of a little English village. Not much in the way of visible remains survive today to indicate its importance in our early history.

Inside the reconstructed state house, a man in his late fifties, who, though informally dressed, we took to be a keeper of the place, was reading a life of Lincoln.

A damp coolness, flavored by the pungent smell of charred logs in an ample fireplace, pervaded the interior. In front of the hearth was a heavy desk containing an inkhorn and quill pen. Our guide, who had the overly intent expression of a character out of Dickens, led us to the door on the river side and pointed out the site of the historic old mulberry tree where the first Catholic settlers assembled for Mass. Here too it was that Governor Calvert signed a treaty with the Yaocomico Indians. The old tree has now disappeared, and has been replaced by an obelisk, but until 1913 it stood watch over the scene of the first landing, and on its trunk was nailed the proclamations of the early governors and other public notices. A cross made from its wood is extant in the museum at Georgetown University.

As we stood on the bluff overlooking the river we wondered why it was that historians have had so little to say about the achievements of the pilgrims who came to St. Mary's. The landing of the Calvinist pilgrims in New England has been allegorized and made into a symbol which is the common stock of every American. And yet it was an iron-clad theocracy, based on Genevan lines, intolerant of everyone but themselves, that the Puritans established. On the other hand, Bancroft, a non-Catholic, wrote a hundred years ago of the pilgrims who came to Maryland that "religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary's."

The England from which Lord Baltimore and his pilgrims emigrated had undergone nearly a hundred years of anti-Catholic legislation. Henry the Eighth had declared himself head of the church and had confiscated the monasteries. Under Elizabeth no Catholic who refused to conform to the State religion could hope for any redress. The penal laws excluded him from any office and he could avoid prison and the rack only by worshipping in secret. Legislation forestalled them from attempting

to sail to the New World where they hoped to find a place to practice their religion in freedom.

It was in the face of such unfavorable conditions that the first Lord Baltimore, a convert to the Catholic Faith, first began arranging for a charter to settle in North America. His prudence and integrity was universally esteemed but great opposition constantly hindered the enterprise. Attempts to found a colony in Newfoundland and later one in Virginia were unsuccessful.

But on November 22, 1633, two ships—the *Ark* and the *Dove*—put out to sea from Cowes on the Isle of Wight. Great care had to be taken when the Jesuit priests and Catholics embarked, because informers lurked about who were eager to denounce a "Papist" and to attempt to make him take the oath of supremacy to the King as head of the church.

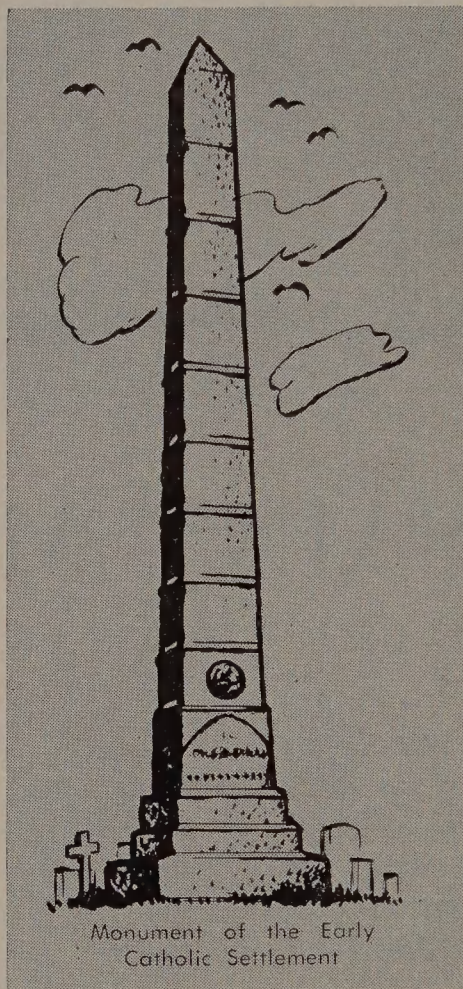
Though they encountered storms at first, the voyage was a peaceful one. Lord Baltimore had instructed his brother, Leonard Calvert, who was in charge of the voyage, to "be very careful to preserve unity and peace amongst all the passengers on shipboard and that they suffer no scandal nor any offense to be given to any of the Protestants whereby any just complaint may hereafter be made by them in Virginia or in England..." He urged them to "treat the Protestants with as much mildness and favor as justice will permit."

After offering thanks to God for the happy outcome of the voyage and after having peaceably treated with the Indians, Leonard Calvert set himself to the task of making Maryland a true land of sanctuary. The oath freely taken by the first governor reads as follows:

I will not by myself or any other, directly or indirectly trouble, molest or discountenance any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ for or in respect to religion. I will make no difference of persons in conferring offices, favors or rewards for or in respect of religion, but merely as they shall be found faithful and well deserving and endued with moral virtues and abilities; my aim shall be public unity...

In the government of early Maryland, with Catholic leadership and a majority of Catholic assemblymen, the franchise was freely given. No one was taxed to support a church or clergy in which he did not profess belief. There was self-government and equality of civil rights.

(Cont. on page 32)



One Faith-One Lord

Feasts of Our Lady in the Eastern Church. As early as the sixth century the Eastern Church celebrated the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin on December 9th; it was called the feast of St. Ann's Conception. The first celebration of the Immaculate Conception in the West dates from the eleventh century. In 1854 Pope Pius IX proclaimed it an article of faith and following this proclamation the Eastern Church adopted December 8th in order to observe the feast with the rest of the Church.

The feast of the Nativity of Our Lady was first observed in the East in the fifth century and appeared in the West (in Spain) about two centuries later. In the seventh century Pope Sergius II made it a feast of the Universal Church.

Among the members of the Eastern Church the feast of Our Lady's Patronage holds a special place, in thanksgiving for deliverance from the great plague that threatened Constantinople. But this feast is not generally kept in the Western Church.

The feast of the Presentation of Our Lady dates from 730; it originated in Constantinople and spread throughout the Eastern Church. In the West it was first observed in France in 1374 and was made a feast for the Universal Church in 1585 under order of Pope Sixtus V.

One of the earliest feasts of Our Lady is the Synaxis of the Blessed Virgin, which, on December 26th, celebrates the divine Motherhood and the Flight into Egypt. The feast of Our Lady's Annunciation has been celebrated in the East since the beginning of the fifth century. The feast of the Assumption was called by Pope Gelasius II in 496 as "one of the oldest feasts in the Christian Church."

From Cincinnati, Ohio: Sacrifice for Unity. We received the following inspiring letter from Sister Margaret Mary, S.N.D. of Cincinnati shortly after the Unity Octave concluded last January. "On the fourth day of the Chair of Unity Octave our good God asked for the sacrifice of the life of one of the new members of your League for Unity, my cousin Marie. She died alone at home very suddenly of a heart attack on the feast of the virgin martyr, St. Agnes. The priest who was called found in her hands the prayer for Unity which

you had sent to her. Evidently it was her last prayer on earth.

"May I ask your prayers, . . . and those of the Friars and Sisters of the Atonement for the repose of the soul of this fervent daughter of Our Lady of the Atonement. I am confident that she will obtain many blessings for your apostolate. . . ."

"At the Cenacle in New York I saw your holy Founder, Fr. Paul James Francis, and was once a guest at the Convent of the Atonement in Washington before I entered the convent. That explains my interest in your work. I told Marie about the League and she was happy to become a member with me last year." We hope that many of our League members will emulate the spirit of Marie Brunsman in praying fervently for the cause of Unity.

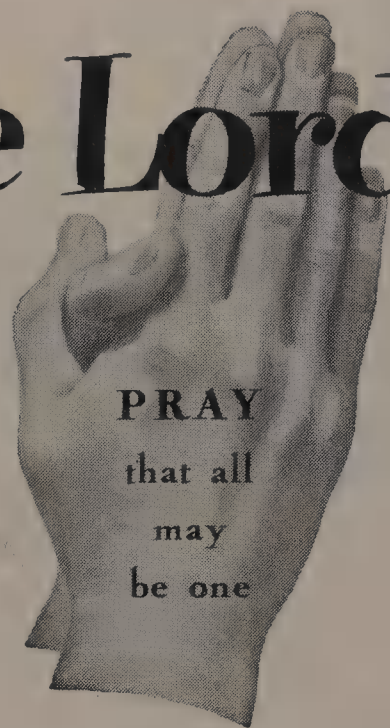
Pope Leo XIII on Eastern Church.

"The maintenance in being of the Eastern Rites is of more importance than might be imagined. The august antiquity which lends dignity to these various rites is an adornment of the whole Church and witness to the Divine Unity of the Catholic faith. Perhaps nothing, in fact, better proves the note of Catholicity in the Church of God than the singular homage paid by these ceremonies which vary in form, which are celebrated in languages venerable by their antiquity, and which are still further hallowed by the use that has been made of them by the Apostles and Fathers of the Church." *Orientalim dignitas*, Nov. 30, 1894.

"If a Dying Man has some great anxiety or desire, he is wont to speak of it as he sees death approaching. It is his last chance to impress on the bystanders its importance and urgency and he hopes that if they remember how he summoned his fastebbing strength to stress it, they will be more surely moved to fulfill it after he is gone.

"In the Cenacle on Holy Thursday night Jesus Christ knew that His hour was come. He is seated here in the midst of 'His own' for the last time, and He is fully aware of it. Is there any strong desire burning in His Heart, any truth He would wish to enforce before He leaves them forever? It is very noteworthy that He pray for them to His Father, and no fewer than five times begs that they may be one.

"That they may be one"—in order



to secure this union He leaves them three powerful helps. There is first His exquisite doctrine of 'the great commandment' which bids them love each other as He has loved them. There is secondly, the sublime prayer He utters here at this table which would seem to be a synthesis of all He had taught previously about this divine science. Lastly, there is the Mass and the Eucharist, and the priesthood by which both are to be perpetuated throughout all ages.

"... Christ does not merely insist on the need that we should all be one. He gives us the means too to consolidate that union. The chaotic state of the world we live in is a mighty challenge to us Catholics to oppose to it the strength of our unity, to be more willing to accept His diagnosis of the world's disease and the more assiduous in applying the remedies He prescribes."

Fr. Robert Nash, S.J.
That They Be One
Clonmore Reynolds
Dublin, 1954, 7.

"A lawful freedom must be allowed to each and every people of the Eastern Rite in all those things which derive from their history or depend on their own peculiar genius and temperament, so long as they are not in contrast with the true and integral doctrine of Jesus Christ. And let all know this and reflect on it, whether they be born in the bosom of the Catholic Church or are hastening towards it on the wings of desire: let them all be persuaded and hold for certain that they will never be compelled to exchange their own legitimate rites and ancient institutions. Both are to be regarded with equal esteem and veneration, for they surround our common Mother, the Church with, as it were, a regal variety." Pope Pius XII. †

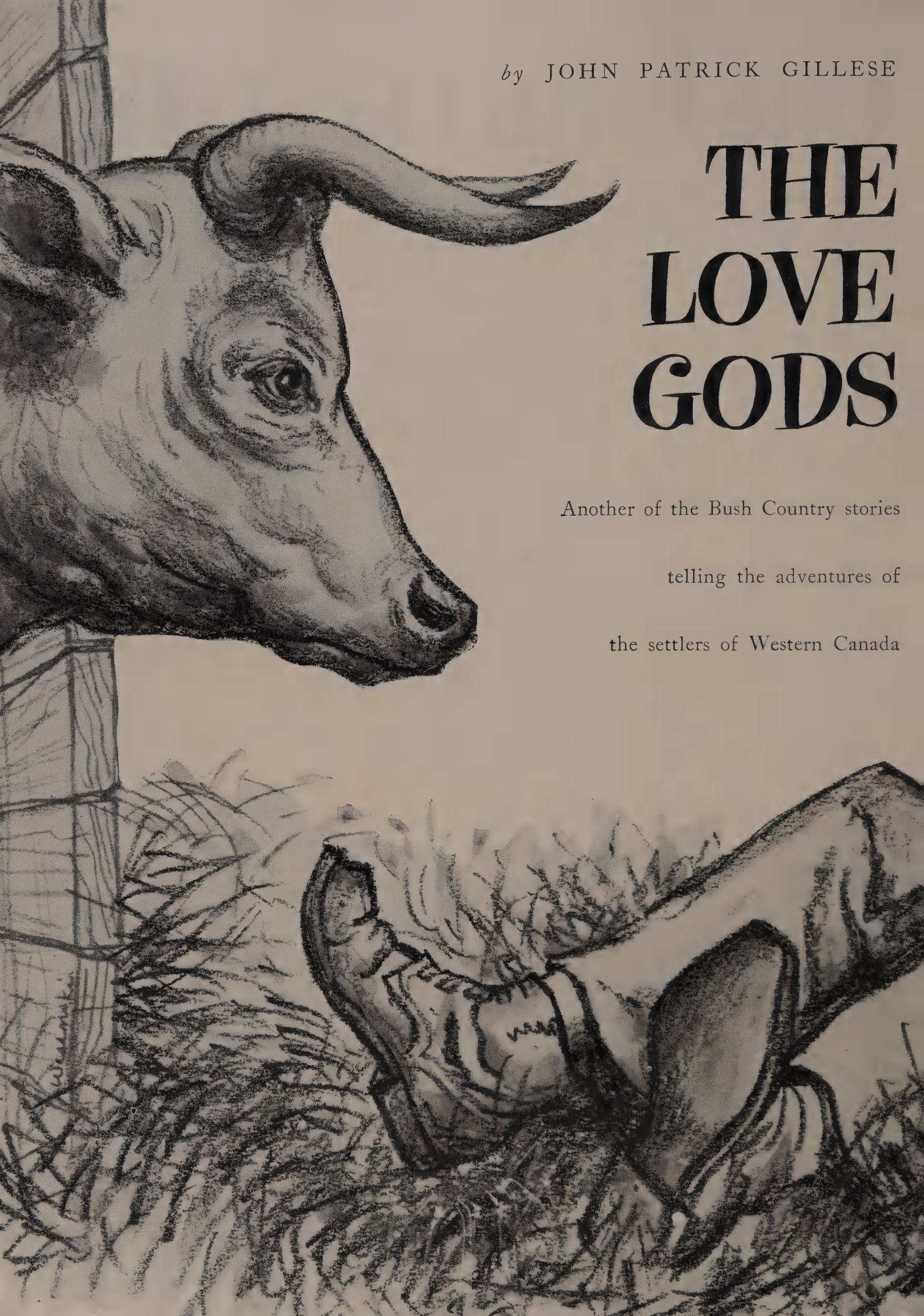
by JOHN PATRICK GILLESE

THE LOVE GODS

Another of the Bush Country stories

telling the adventures of

the settlers of Western Canada



ON a sultry evening, back in our homesteading days on the South-West Quarter of Section 12, Father went out to see how the wheat was filling. That's why, when Mother heard the noise in the barn, she didn't think it had anything to do with Dad. Besides, her mind was on a batch of washing machine literature which an ambitious line salesman named Jakimo Jones had left her.

"Bunts must have cornered another groundhog," she said absently to Ed and Bub.

"Bunts is cooling off in the water-trough," Bub told her. Bunts was Bub's dog.

"What kind of writer are you"—Ed returned to pestering me—"not letting anyone read your stuff?"

Ed wanted to see my copy of *ISLAND STORIES*, from New York. On the front cover was a picture of a girl running barefooted along the beach. Just above her ankles it said: *ROSITA OF THE SEVEN SEAS—A Thobbing Tale of Peril and Romance in an Exotic Hawaiian Paradise—by*

Stanley Draywood Harrison. I was so excited by it, I had started my first book, "The Love Gods." I could hardly wait for the Wrycjoskis to visit us Sunday, so Rose could read it, too.

The roar came again from the barn. "Something's wrong," Mother said uneasily. "Maybe it's a skunk."

"It's just an old ox bawling," Bub persisted.

"Nellie! Stan-n-n-ley! Ed-d! Bub!" This time the yell had faintly recognizable words to it. "The love of the lord, are you all dead in there?"

A stick of dynamite tossed through the kitchen door couldn't have moved us faster. Inside the peeled-log barn, it was so dim that, for a minute, I could only make out Bunts' white spots bounding ahead of us. Then Bunts started nosing something in the straw behind the stall where the four oxen were feeding.

"Get that dripping dog away from me!" Father's voice yelled. "The stupid brute's licking my face!"

"Bunts!" Bub coaxed. "C'mere, Bunts!"

"It's not enough that I have (*Cont. on page 20*)



GRAYMOOR

Great Day In Japan

ON THE FEAST of the Annunciation of Our Lady, March 25, the first Japanese aspirants received the holy habit of the Friars of the Atonement. Fr. Albert Heald, S.A., Superior of the Japanese Mission, acting as delegate of our Very Rev. Father General, officiated at the ceremony and offered the solemn Mass which preceded the Clothing. This was a very historic occasion for it marked the first time that native Japanese young men have received the Atonement habit.

The happy event took place in the chapel of Our Lady of the Atonement Friary, in Tsurumi, Yokohama. The little building was filled with relatives and friends of the young men, and with Catholics from the neighborhood who witnessed such a ceremony for the first time. The choir was composed of Atonement Priests and Brothers from the neighboring area.

This is an important step forward in the growth and development of the Society of the Atonement in Japan. Nine years ago, the Most Rev. Thomas Wakita, Bishop of Yokohama, invited the Friars of the Atonement to his missionary diocese and gave them the care of a large industrial area of 600 square miles with nearly 1,500,000 souls. When the Friars assumed charge there was only one parish and 358 Catholics. Today there are seven mission centers and 1,750 members of the Church. Two new churches and a convent for five Atonement Sisters will be built this year and at least one additional mission church in each subsequent year. Our Sisters are expected to begin their work in the diocese in October of this year.

Each of these young men is a convert to the faith of several years. And though a novitiate class of three members might seem very small, one should recall that the number of the faithful in these islands is still extremely small. The entire Catholic population numbers about 250,000 out of a total population of more than 90,000,000.

Though the group is small, the seminary schedule is patterned after that used in our own country. Fr. Peter Baptist, S.A. has translated all the community prayers into Japanese so that our candidates can pray in their native tongue. Those who are candidates for the priesthood (before



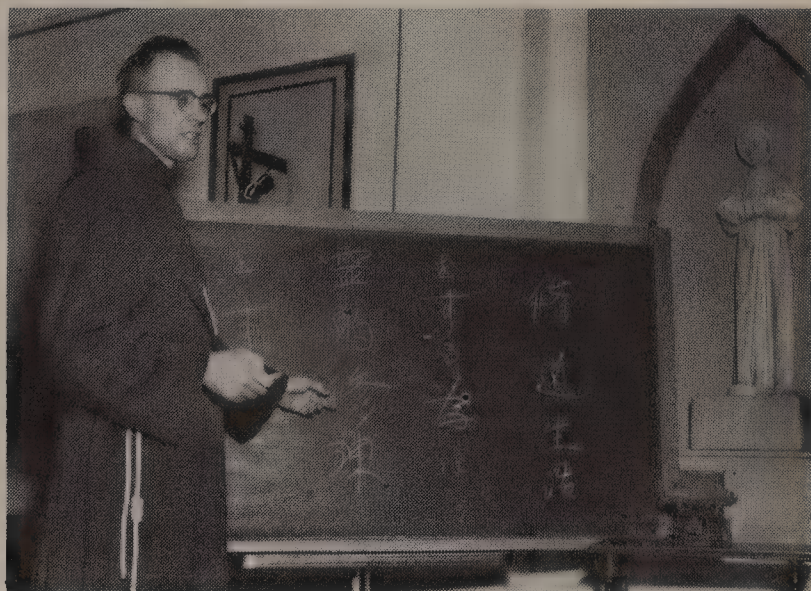
Ceremony of reception. Fr. Albert, S.A. presents crucifix to a novice, assisted by Fr. Peter Baptist, S.A. and Fr. Pacificus, S.A.

the novitiate) attend classes at *Jochi*, the Jesuit University in Tokyo which has a seminary department, somewhat like Catholic University, Washington, D. C. *Jochi* is 25 miles away.

The Brother candidates take care of the needs of the friary, such as working in the kitchen, laundry, or doing odd jobs. They learn the "Graymoor Way" of decorating the altars and chapel for feastdays, setting up vestments, and the like.

Food for the brethren is western style most of the time, although it is usually of Japanese make for breakfast. This consists of a thick soup called *omeotsuke*, made of bean paste, sea weed, raddish, and similar foods. A bowl of rice, green tea and a side dish of pickled waterlily or raddish is served with the soup. The friars use chopsticks when eating Japanese foods and save the knives and forks for west-

Fr. Eric Tampe, S.A. Novice Master



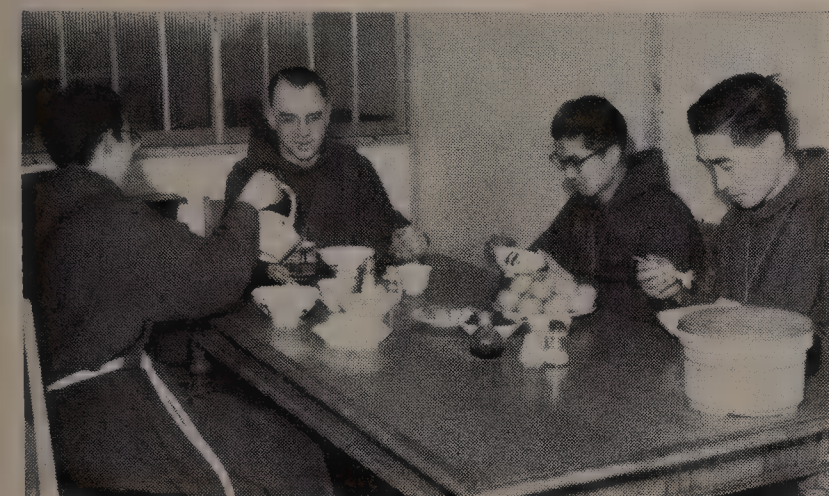
The Japanese love nature. Every garden has a fish pond and the friary garden is no exception

IN JAPAN

ern food. On occasion they eat Japanese food at other meals such as the following: noodles and fried shrimp (*tempura soba*), dried beef and Japanese vegetables (*sukiaki*) and/or raw fish (*osashimi*). Incidentally the raw fish is very tasty (in the United States we eat certain of our shell fish raw, e.g. clams and oysters.)

On Sunday evenings before supper the friars have sung Compline and even with a small group sing lustily the praises of the Most High. On the first Sunday of the month a Friar Minor comes from Tokyo to conduct a holy hour and on the third Sunday of each month Fr. Peter Baptist, S.A. gives a day of recollection for the community.

Prior to their reception as novices the young men taught catechism to some small pagan children in the vicin-

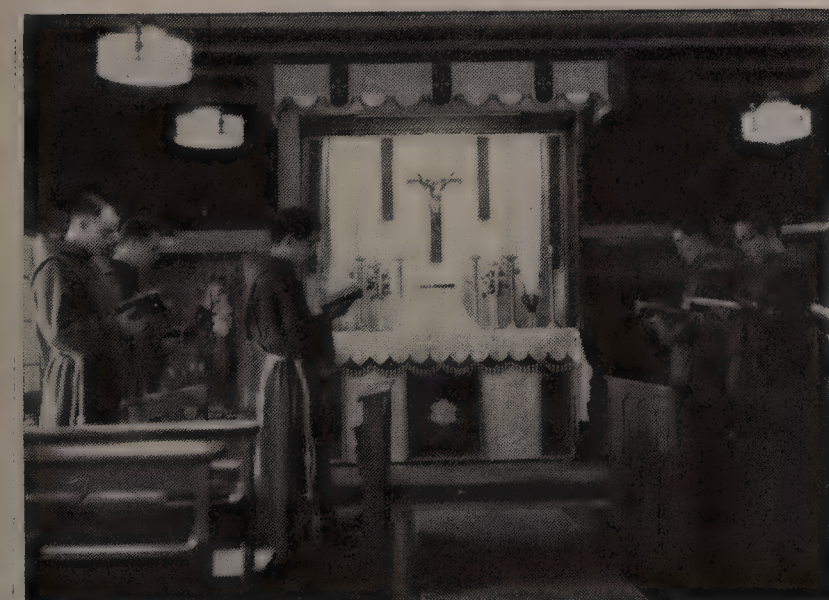


Breakfast in the refectory. Different from American style

ity of the friary. They taught them prayers and hymns and the life of Our Lord. Perhaps these seeds of grace will blossom forth later in actual conversions.

We ask our LAMP readers to pray for these young men who have been blessed by God in being the first to receive the habit in Japan, that they may persevere in their vocation and that their steps may be followed by an ever-increasing number of native vocations. This phase of the work is so vitally important, as Pope Pius XII has said: "It is clear... that the Church cannot be properly and duly

Singing Compline on Sunday evening in the community chapel



See back cover for details

established in new territories, unless... a native clergy equal to the need has been properly trained and educated." (*Evangelii praecones*)

The present bishop of Yokohama is the Most Rev. Luke Arai, D.D. who was consecrated on February 25, 1952. It is the fourth largest diocese in Japan and covers 10,906 square miles—about twice the size of Connecticut—and has a population of 8,100,000—more than the combined populations of Chicago, Boston, Cleveland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. Our friars have charge of about one-sixth of the area and of the population.

Throughout all Japan there is an imperative need for schools, even more than churches. The schools are needed not to spread the faith, but to preserve it. Converts will have their children baptized, but the faith is jeopardized by their living in an overwhelmingly pagan environment and by the indifferent or perhaps hostile attitude of one non-Catholic parent, while the Catholic parent is unable to present the teaching of the Church in an effective way to the children.


But even greater than the lack of schools is the almost complete absence of facilities for the sick. In the whole diocese there is only one sanatorium, one leprosarium, one dispensary, and one hospital. Lack of funds is the primary cause for the shortage of such needs. The entire city of Yokohama with the population of almost a million inhabitants, does not have a Catholic hospital.

One very encouraging element, however, in the growth of the Church in Japan is the rapid increase of native vocations among the sisters. Of the 407 Sisters working in the diocese at the present time 280 of these are from their native land. One of every 40 Catholic girls enters the convent.

It is our earnest hope and sincere prayer that the Church in Japan which began almost four centuries ago under the leadership of St. Francis Xavier, St. Peter Baptist and his companions, will enter upon a new period of expansion and growth. Our special interest is in our own missions where our friars labor so unselfishly. We are confident that they will continue to aid our priests and our brothers by their prayers, sacrifices, and their alms. †



The Kiss of peace at the end of the ceremonies, Fr. Matthias, S.A. is at the right



by Marian Pehowski

NEEDED: CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICS

Irresponsible critics with their half-

formulated complaints are

wasting time and human energy. If you have a

complaint to make also

add what should be done to remedy it

WHATEVER became of the fine art of constructive criticism? I mean that inherent right to say, "I think *this* is wrong because . . . and I believe *that* could be done about it." What passes for constructive criticism today is just as often a poorly disguised personal grudge, a peevish whine for "the good old days," or a self-seeking snatch at the limelight.

Perhaps you've noticed it today—the customer snapping at the salesgirl because "these things don't wear the way they used to"; the passenger haranguing the bus driver because service is slow; the commuter growling to his neighbor that the city hall is peopled with incompetents.

Working on a newspaper I saw, and heard it, even more often.

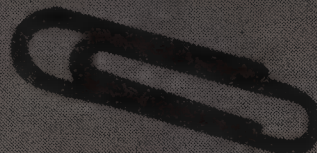
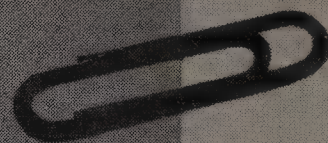
There were the anonymous telephone calls, where the caller, purporting to have a news tip, merely had a personal gripe to air. There were letters like this: "Dear Editor: Alderman Blank is a bum, racketeer, wifebeater, oaf and general no-good. I dare you to print this. (Signed) A Voter." Or, there were the self-appointed citizens' committees who marched in to see the managing editor and marched out making veiled threats about withdrawing advertising when told that a newspaper deals in news, not personalities.

My point is this: these irresponsible critics with their half-formulated complaints and few considered remedies are wasting time and human energy. What's more, it's not only their own time and that of their temporarily captive audience, it's *my* time (and yours) they're wasting—and our lives they complicate.

The scolded salesgirl can't be expected to turn from the cranky customer and give her full attention to us. The bus driver can hardly keep one eye on the road and one on his critic. The poison penmen burden more than the postoffice when they unburden their souls through the mail.

The greatest shame is the fact that there *is* a place for constructive criticism in daily life, but that its power for good is too often wasted or abused.

Public opinion, as the pollsters prove, has never played a bigger part in American life. The "average man's" opinion (*Cont. on page 18*)



Graymoor Annals

HOW DO YOU DO IT?

EVERY SO OFTEN, particularly after we have been explaining to someone the vast expansion of our Society during the recent years, and after we have been doing a little bragging about our schools, our missions at home and abroad, our Mission Band, our Ave Maria Hour, our St. Christopher's Inn and the other works in which Graymoor is engaged, the query will come "But Father, how do you do it? Where do you get the money to support all of these enterprises?"

It's a good question, because it does take a tremendous amount of money to support all of these efforts that we are making for the extension of the Kingdom of God. For instance it costs between ten and fifteen thousand dollars to educate a boy for the priesthood even though we have our own professors and our own schools. It costs almost a thousand dollars to fly a missionary from here to Japan. It costs some more money to get him taught Japanese. It costs another couple of thousand to build him a Rectory, and then some more for a Church and, eventually, a school. And finally even though our missionaries are very careful with the money that they receive, it does cost a certain amount of money to take care of his personal needs, his food, his clothes, his doctor's and dentist bills. So in the course of a year, like every other religious institute, the Friars of the Atonement have to spend a tremendous amount of money.

We raise this money in various ways: by services that we render, by things that we sell, but primarily by begging it. In other words we are almost totally dependent upon the free-will offerings of our faithful. And truly the American people are most generous.



Bro. Edmund Sheridan, S.A.

AS FRANCISCANS, the Friars of the Atonement are a mendicant Order. That means that, like our Holy Father St. Francis, we beg our daily bread, but where he and Brother Giles and Brother Juniper went from door to door in old Assisi, we use the United States Mails. Where St. Francis promised a blessing for every stone that was given to him for the restoration of San Damiano's, we promise a remembrance in our Masses and prayers and good works for every donation that is sent to us. We're not at all ashamed to beg, and there are several reasons for this. The first is that we know if we don't beg the money to support them, our schools, our missions, and our other works that do so much to save souls will just go out of existence. And if these works go out of existence, a lot of souls who could, and would, otherwise have been saved are going to burn in hell. The second reason we're not ashamed to beg is that almsgiving next to prayer is most powerful in drawing down



Bro. Stephen Hanley, S.A.

the blessing of God on any person. And we also know that God blesses abundantly every person who sends a donation to us. Finally, we're not ashamed to ask our benefactors to help us in the work of God because they make it so easy for us to do so. Because, in truth, they themselves are anxious to share in the good that we are doing, they want to help extend God's kingdom.

THERE'S A LOT more work in begging money than you would suppose. First of all we have to prepare the letter or the appeal asking for it. In this matter our Graymoor Press, situated about 5 miles away from the Mother House in Peekskill, N. Y., is invaluable. We do all of our own printing and mailing, and consequently, we are able to keep the expenses of any



appeal at the absolute minimum. Paper is expensive and labor is expensive, but with our own printing establishment we are able to do very inexpensively many things that would be quite impossible otherwise.

When the returns from any particular appeal start coming in, our Brothers at Graymoor, under the direction of Brother Edmund Sheridan, S.A., open and read and mark all the letters, sending them to their proper departments for an answer. Realizing that our benefactors have a right to a speedy reply in thanks for their generosity, we try very hard to expedite things. On the whole we do very well but we are human and sometimes accidents and mistakes do happen. These we endeavor to rectify as soon as we possibly can.

After this the donations are recorded, changes of address are made, and all of the other work incidental to keeping proper records is performed. It takes a lot of time and a lot of labor but it all has to be done and the donation of our Graymoor Brothers who work in the office like Bro. Stephen Hanley, S.A., and Bro. Conrad Griswold, S.A., is inspiring.

ALL OF US who are connected with Fund Raising—that's the fancy name for Franciscan begging—are amazed and inspired and edified by the generosity of the American people. Not infrequently we receive the Widow's Mite, for someone will send us the last two dollars in the house. At such times we feel very humble

in the face of such real sacrifice and faith. We really pray very hard for our benefactors. We pray with great confidence for them, too, because we know that what our benefactors give to us they in reality give to God, and God will never be outdone in generosity.

Over the past 50 years we at Graymoor have been able to accomplish quite a bit. We take a legitimate pride in this but we know very well that we didn't and we couldn't have done it alone. Whatever we did accomplish we were able to do, because and only because, thousands and thousands of people responded to our requests and appeals.

Father Paul, our Founder, came to Graymoor without a penny. The money to purchase the original 24 acres on the top of the Mountain, \$300, was given to him; the money to erect the first Friary was given to him; and ever since all the money needed for the continuation and expansion of our works has always been given to us through the bounty of God and the generosity of our benefactors. From the bottom of our hearts we thank God and all of you people whom He has inspired to help us.

SARANAC LAKE

LIFE PASSES QUICKLY in a house of studies. And so it does at our House of Philosophy at Saranac Lake, N.Y. After the annual academic program for the feast of St. Thomas at which Fra. Donald, S.A. was the disputant and Fra. Silverster and Fra. Casimir, S.A. were the objectors, we moved on to the feast of St. Joseph, the patronal feast day of the community.

During Lent Fr. Aquinas preached at Paul Smith's, N.Y. and Fr. Titus fulfilled a similar assignment at Lake Clear, N.Y., both near Saranac Lake. Holy Week with its thrilling liturgy ushered the friars into the spirit of Christ Crucified in order that they might rise with Him and the glorious notes of the Easter season are resounding still—as they will be until Pentecost.

At present the Saranac Friars are looking forward to the end of the school year at the end of the month of May. Oral examinations will be the fate of the second year philosophers who display their knowledge before a board of several fathers. During the summer some of the friars will attend summer classes at Catholic University in Washington and other institutions of learning; other friars will take courses at Graymoor. And so the cycle keeps moving along, continually and inexorably. †



Fr. Ignatius Smith, O.P. preaching our Golden Jubilee Sermon

A GOOD FRIEND IS GONE

THE NEWS of the death on March 8, of our old and valued friend, Very Rev. Fr. Ignatius Smith, O.P. saddened all of us. He had been intimately connected with the Society of the Atonement for more than 30 years. He was present at the Solemn High Mass sung by our Father Founder at the dedication of our Atonement Seminary of the Holy Ghost in Washington on September 18, 1925. From that time on he took a paternal interest in our Society and helped us innumerable times and in numberless ways through a time that he, himself, later characterized as "years of trial, beset with many difficulties."

The Society of the Atonement owes much to him. We can repay it only by prayer before the throne of God. At one time or another he taught nearly every one of our priests. The extra effort and instruction that he gave to our fledgling Mission Band have made it one of the most effective in the country. The personal advice and assistance given to both Superiors and clerics at our Washington Seminary contributed in no small way to the happiness of the friars.

In 1940 when our Founder died we could think of no one else more desirable to preach the eulogy. Few of us who heard him on that occasion will forget his opening words, "The winds sing a dirge on the Mount of Graymoor. In the valley there is peace but a numbing sorrow. The angels of God in the heavens rejoice that the soul of a saint has come to his Father."

Many times, Father Smith preached for us at the Chair of Unity Octave devotions in the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. In 1949 on the occasion of our Golden Jubilee he said in his sermon, given at the outdoor Mass: "Fifty years ago the Society of the Atonement was unknown. Today it has the sympathetic



Fr. Smith, O.P.

understanding and interest of our people, Catholic and non-Catholic, throughout the world." At Graymoor we know that Fr. Smith's personal concern for us greatly fostered that "sympathetic understanding and interest."

Father Ignatius was one of eight children, seven sons and a daughter, born in Newark, N.J. to Michael and Maria Smith. Three of his brothers also became

Dominican priests. Educated at Seton Hall, Fr. Smith entered the Dominican House of Studies in 1905. He was ordained by Cardinal Gibbons in 1910 and began his teaching career at the Catholic University in 1919. Before that time he had been National Director of the Holy Name Society, editor of the *Holy Name Journal* and editor of *The Torch*.

He was himself an outstanding preacher, powerful and moving. He taught Homiletics, or the Art and Science of Preaching, at the Divinity School of the Catholic University for years. In 1932 he inaugurated the famous Preacher's Institute, an intensive six weeks' course in preaching, that attracted priests both religious and diocesan from all over the United States. His theory of preaching could be summed up in the two words he often used, "*Bona bene*" which means, *Good doctrine, well presented*. As Director of the Preacher's Institute Fr. Smith exercised a tremendous influence on the formation and training of our Graymoor Mission Band.

The sermon at his Requiem Mass was preached by Msgr. Wm. J. McDonald who said: "Fr. Smith was, in a very real sense, unique, transcending the customary categories and descriptions. His most outstanding traits were his warm humanity, his solid spirituality, his Christ-like priestliness."

May we ask all our readers to pray for the repose of his noble soul. †

Needed: Constructive Critics

Continued from page 15

on everything from politics to peanut butter is sought out, written down, toted up.

But beyond waiting to be asked for an opinion, everyone encounters daily situations which invite a comment, and which don't have to wait for somebody else to "do something about it." You and I can do it. And *how* we do it makes the difference between a crank and a critic, I've found out.

(Criticism, the art of judging or evaluating, isn't limited to complaints. Moreover, complaints, most often written in the first—or worst—flush of annoyance tend to fall farther short of their mark.)

But what about those times when it seems that a gripe might be in order—and you'd like to make it count?

I decide it this way. I *should* complain when my rights are jeopardized (inadequate street repairs cause neighborhood property values to skid; a purchased item fails to give proper service); my taste is offended (windy hucksters invade my home via television); or my views are misinterpreted ("Catholics think they're the only ones going to Heaven.") You and I *can* complain in a hundred other situations, and do the world a favor.

But before you grab the phone or snatch up pen and paper for a wordy blast, stop a moment. There's this to consider: a civil, clearly written *letter* of complaint gets better results than a hasty, heated phone call.

A written criticism—to a retailer, public official, broadcaster, manufacturer, writer—is a record, which can be channeled to the proper recipient and reread as necessary. It stymies the temptation on the "hearing" end to shunt your phone call to some hapless soul who may actually agree with your gripe, but be powerless to do anything about it.

Still before writing, there's another point. Who is going to get your criticism? Much good advice is wasted because it goes to the wrong recipient. (For example, it's foolish to harangue a salesman because a hardware store's paint seems of poor quality. Your experience may reach the right ears eventually, but why wait? See that your complaint goes in writing to the store's paint buyer or merchandise manager, better yet to the product's manufacturer himself—or even both the manufacturer and the retailer.)

The point in criticizing is to rouse

someone to action. Therefore, get to the man who can *do something* about your complaint, the senator whose vote will help defeat the legislation you oppose; the public official whose duty it is to see that your neighborhood gets adequate service; the sponsor who pays for the second-rate TV show you deplore.) On the last, it's especially important to get to the man who pays the bills, rather than the performer or producer, although the program director for the entire station or network might appreciate at least a carbon copy of your complaint.

Still, from the sponsor-soothing confines of a radio station's continuity department, I've seen batches of mail, complimentary *and* complaining, addressed to a particular radio program, counted as "fan mail" by more than one brash producer. Rule of thumb for the entertainment world's efforts: if you like them, tell everybody; if you don't, tell someone who can change them.

And that brings up the next point. Don't prepare to complain if you're not also ready to suggest an alternative or remedy. If you don't like what they do, sell, show, legislate, promote or stand for—tell them what you want in its place. If your complaint concerns something that is *not* being done, prepare to explain what you feel the advantages of "doing" would be. If you can substantiate your remedy with an example of a successful solution used elsewhere, or list a source of further information, so much the better.

Now it's time to write. First, make a brief mental outline of your complaint. It isn't enough merely to say, "I don't like Joe Funnyman's program" (or as one fan lettered on a postcard: THE SILENCE IS NICE. YOUR SHOW RATES "NO DICE.") What don't you like and why not? Too long? Smutty? Too many commercials? Inconvenient hour? Exactly what doesn't suit you? A blanket beef too often ends up as another curiosity in the file of crank letters, and don't think the wilder ones aren't saved—as curiosities, unfortunately.

In another case, your bus service is poor. Give examples of how *you* know it is. (Four busses in a row passed your corner at 8:10, and none at 8:20, etc.)

Let your criticism include any special right you may have to criticize on a particular subject. (A veteran teacher may see the effects of a certain TV program on his students; an experienced homemaker may know that a highly-touted breakfast food is poorer than average; "Clean

Rest Rooms" may exist in gasoline station ads only. On the last example, it took 514 letters of complaint from commercial travelers and vacationers in one year to get a Midwest oil company director to take a little tour of his own stations. Today his signs mean what they say.)

Even if you're no great authority, include at least a brief phrase that is a clue to who you are when you state a complaint—"the mother of four children," "a member of your political party for 21 years"; "a daily driver on Route 12"; "a customer of your store's for over a year"—anything that will help identify you in the light of your complaint.

After you've politely and clearly stated your case, both complaint and alternative, confined to one legibly written or typed page if possible, *sign your name*, and include your address. Unless there is some compelling reason for secrecy, the source of a critical letter should be identified out of fairness to the recipient.

Most newspaper and other publications ignore anonymous letters, although they will respect your right to be signed "A Reader" or some other "label" if you ask that your own name be withheld from print. (Most large newspapers will further protect themselves by doing a telephone check if your letter is to appear in print, to be sure that you are actually the writer, since malice—particularly in local election times—often takes strange forms.) Out of fairness, however, sign your name to any criticism you make, unless a serious hardship for you or your family might result.

Incidentally, in a letter-to-the-editor or any complaint in which you hope to get action through the printed word, it might be well to remember journalism's "who, what, when, where and why" in telling your story. As far as possible, get the subject's pertinent facts into your first few sentences, then elaborate.

A prize example of the garbled gripe was this one, to a metropolitan newspaper in Wisconsin: "Dear Editor: THE LIGHTS GO OUT, AND I TOLD THEM. (Signed) Mrs. Carey James." Luckily, a reporter located elderly Mrs. James and found that she and her neighbors were more than disgruntled because newly installed city street lights in her area were not operating properly, and complaints to the city hall were ignored. A less curious letter, to a less curious editor, would have hit the waste basket as fast as it takes to say, "So what?"

Can you ask for an answer to a criticism? Yes, definitely. But *ask* for

it, not demand it. "I would appreciate your opinion in this matter" gets more replies than "Let me know what you intend to do about this."

If action is your aim, your criticism can be channeled to several destinations at the same time. One of the easiest ways is to write one original letter to the person who could help the most with what annoys you, and carbon copies to local newspapers, public officials or others who have influence with the problem.

A note something like this can accompany the carbon copies. "Dear Mayor Jones: I am enclosing a carbon copy of a letter to Senator Smith in which I explain my family's feelings about the proposed highway changes. I feel this will be of interest to you and the Common Council study committee. I also plan to send copies to the local press and the committee's chairman."

Beyond asking for replies to a criticism, will you *get* them? In most cases, yes. And in most cases they won't be what some advertising agency people refer to as a "bug letter."

The origin of the term itself is interesting, and indicative of the situation that *used* to exist before business, public service, and the entertainment world discovered that public relations can be beneficial to more than just the public's attitude. According to this classic tale, it seems that a Chicagoan, vacationing at a swank Miami hotel, discovered insect life sharing his quarters and on returning home wrote the management a blistering complaint, to which he received a soothing, apologetic reply.


"It will never happen again," the manager assured him, but forgot to check the efficiency of the stenographic staff. Neatly clipped to the corner of his letter the Midwesterner found a note initialed by the manager. "Send this guy the bug letter," it said.

"Bug letters" still exist as literary types, I suppose, but I know them only by reputation. In general, of replies I've received most have been helpful in straightening out a misunderstanding on my part or the recipient's; some have been actually grateful for helpful information (one promising a broader reform than I had dreamed); but all of them indicate that a sincere attempt at constructive criticism *is* worth while.

Paradoxically, one television sponsor included two tickets to a show about which I had complained, although in his personal reply he

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By the Light of the Lamp



TALE OF A COAT . . . Recently my husband and I were buying a coat for our son. After selecting one which we thought was \$8.00 we noticed the tag was marked \$5.00. We told the salesgirl about it and after checking she said it really was an \$8.00 coat but by mistake had been marked only \$5.00. I asked her if she wanted us to pay the full price and she said "No, it was the store's loss," and we would only have to pay the \$5.00.

Afterwards I wondered if we did wrong by paying only \$5.00 or should we have paid the full price. Should we go back now and pay the difference?

Both legally and morally the store is bound to absorb the loss of the three dollars. You were lucky, so don't worry about it and the store isn't too unhappy about it either. The fact that you got a bargain will probably bring you back there.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION . . . A priest once told us in Catechism Class that if a Host were found on the floor or some place, one could tell whether it was consecrated or not by placing the Host in a glass of water. If the Host were consecrated, one could see small blood vessels in it. If it hadn't been consecrated, these blood vessels would not appear. Is this true?

No. It is not true at all. You very probably misunderstood the priest, who you say told you this, completely and entirely. You must remember that you were probably very young when you first got this false impression.

Actually, the Sacred Host, which is consecrated, retains the appearance of bread. It looks like bread, it smells like bread, it tastes like bread, and, in a word, has all of the appearances of bread. However, we know that by the power of God, through the words of Consecration, transubstantiation has taken place and it no longer is bread, but the Body and Blood of Christ.

However, since it retains all the appearances of bread, it will react in water in the same way as ordinary normal bread would react. In other words, it will dissolve and it will disintegrate, but no blood vessels

will be apparent, nor anything else to mark it as different from any other bread.

MARY'S AGE . . . How old was Our Blessed Mother when she gave birth to Christ?

Nobody knows for sure, because we do not have her birth certificate. But it is generally accepted that Our Blessed Mother was what we would consider quite young, somewhere between 15 and 17 years of age when she gave birth to Our Lord in Bethlehem.

RELIGIOUS . . . Can a married woman who has no children leave her home and become a religious?

A married woman's first obligation is to her husband. If her husband releases her from this obligation there is a possibility that she could become a religious in vows. However, this would be so extraordinary that anyone contemplating such a step would first have to obtain permission from the proper authority, either the Bishop or the Holy Father.

CRUELTY . . . Since I became a Catholic I have attended only one Catholic funeral. I didn't like it very much. Are all Catholic funerals held in the Church instead of the mortuary? It seems a little cruel for the family of the deceased to have to sit out in the congregation. Are the bereaved, in their sorrow, expected to stand and kneel along with the congregation? And does the family of the deceased attend all the Rosaries held for the deceased?

Catholic funerals are normally held in the Church. Generally there is a Mass, the Absolution and the Blessing of the body, and then burial in the cemetery.

Truly, this is not cruel at all. The whole ceremony is very very consoling. A much warmer and more personal service than could ever be given in a mortuary chapel.

The family of the deceased generally are present at the wake when the Rosary is said for the departed soul. This, too, is consoling because it is at that time that people come to offer their condolences.

Needed: Constructive Critics

Continued from page 19

agreed that it had its "objectional moments." Most recently, a letter to a national weekly news magazine, complaining, not about the subject of an article, but its phony confidential style of presentation, brought letters from three of the editors—one pointing out that he agreed they had slipped into the easy style of "a peephole publication."

You can discount the stories of fabulous "gifts" received from manufacturers or sponsors after a letter of complaint. The man who found a nail in his soft drink and was then promised a lifetime supply—free and nailless—doesn't exist, the president of the company himself has insisted for years. Replacing a purchased item or furnishing a service deductible from profit taxes is one thing, but gifts in exchange for criticism are rare as the whooping crane.

Will you get action after a criticism? That depends. Sometimes immediately, sometimes eventually, sometimes never. Still, you can't count your gripe as time lost, for explaining it to someone else made your own thinking clearer—and at least turned a beam of public opinion's spotlight on a situation.

Action may not follow at once, or never be very noticeable, but someone, somewhere, got the idea that you "don't like *this* because . . . and think *that* could be done about it.

And that's the point of constructive criticism, isn't it? †

The Love Gods

Continued from page 11

to pump water for the animals," Dad's agonized voice went on. "He has to sleep in it! If I catch him in that horse-trough again, I'll shoot him!"

Mother stared at him. "Sam! What are you doing down there?"

"I am praying." With a groan, my father propped himself up on his hands. "Stanley, get a gun and shoot that infernal Pedro."

Bub started to wail. "Then who'll I ride?"

"Father!" Mother pleaded. Pedro was the best ox we had, next to McDuff. "Stop talking about shooting everybody."

"All right, then!" roared my father. "Shoot me! You might as well, as leave my lying here all night."

He gave another roar.

"Well, do something! I've got a broken left leg! I just stepped in to see if these brutes were all right and he pinked me. That's gratitude for you." Father gave another terrible

groan and settled back on the straw.

Fortunately, Mother had taken some nursing in Kansas. That was just after the first Great War—before marriage to Father and our homesteading trials in the Alberta bush country. Briskly she began to give orders.

"Stanley, you and I must move him to the house . . . immediately."

"Thank God," said my father. "It's just God's mercy these other brutes didn't step back and trample me to death before anyone came near me."

"Or maybe," said my mother, biting her lip, "we'd better drag him—in case the bones tear the flesh."

"Put a logging chain around my neck and get the oxen to pull me in, why don't you?" said my father.

"Ed and Bub! Run into the house—get some clean strips of cloth ready. Tear up my nightie—"

Bub turned in the doorway. "What'll you sleep in, Mother?"

"Stop asking questions," Mother said sharply. She approached my dad with firmness. "Sam, just be quiet now. Can you tell me if it's your tibia that's broken?"

"I am quiet," yelled my father. "And I told you 20 times, it's my left leg."

Finally we strapped him to the wooden bench the kids sat on at the table; and with Bunts barking excitedly, Mother and I carried him into the house. I made splints and Mother's expert fingers straightened his swollen leg and bound it. Father bore it stoically.

"There!" Mother said at last. "It's a clean break. Sam. You'll be hobbling around in no time."

My father opined weakly that most likely he'd be hobbling off the homestead—after the creditors seized everything, including his crutches. The minute any little thing upset Dad's work on the homestead, he was almost as uncooperative as Mr. Wrycjowski.

Mother talked to him soothingly for an hour. She told him the good Lord could only have one of two reasons for letting Pedro kick him. Either the Lord wanted to help him in some mysterious manner; or else, Mother said, the Lord wanted to teach him patience.

Then she came upstairs to the attic where I was typing madly away on "The Love Gods."

"Stanley—" It wasn't often my mother discouraged my writing. "He asked if you'd oblige a sick man by stopping. He says it sounds like an old Rumbley threshing machine."

My mother sat down on the edge of the home-made bed. "He works so hard for all of us. While he's lying,

we have to make it as easy as we can for him. You've got to take over now—"

"I will, Mother! But at nights—"

"No, Stanley. If he hears you at this, he'll think your mind isn't on the homestead. Just try to humor him, dear, no matter what notion he gets."

My mother put her hands over her face. She gave a wry smile.

"Mom, is something wrong?"

"No." Mother shook her head, as if she was a little bit ashamed. "It's just that I had my mind so much on that washing machine that I hardly realized Sam really is hurt. Isn't that terrible, Stanley?"

Suddenly I realized what my mother had been dreaming of day after day, as she stared out of the kitchen window to the rolling green bushland. There was so much to do on the homestead—five of us to wash for, water to carry to the garden, the wild fruit to can for the winter ahead—and such a short summer to do it. And there was so much more: the cream to skim from the milk, the butter to make by hand, sick calves to tend to. . . .

"I've been saving egg money unbeknownst to your father." It was as if it would help Mother to talk about it. "I was thinking all day that if we had a good crop—it's not that expensive—"

It was so long since ISLAND STORIES had bought "Rosita" that I had almost forgotten they paid on publication. I'd been thinking of buying Rose a ring when the cheque came—but suddenly I knew that Mother needed a washing machine now—like once I had needed a typewriter.

Mother never asked anything for herself. And if it hadn't been for her, I thought suddenly I'd never even have had the chance to be a writer.

I smiled at Mom. Surely Rose wouldn't mind too much. By Christmas maybe. . . .

"That's funny," I said, and told her about the cheque I had coming. "I was thinking maybe that would make a down payment on a washing machine."

"Stanley," Mother said severely, "you'll be needing all you earn now," but she went downstairs singing. I heard Father saying it was unbelievable how some people could be so happy, seeing their own flesh and blood crucified before their eyes.

The next day, Bub was kept busy bringing him reports on whether it looked as if the heat-wave was ending, if I had remembered to water the dry stock, what progress Ed was making on our new patch of clearing,

and if Bunts was wallowing in the horse trough.

The following morning—against Mother's best medical judgment—he made us prop him up in bed. He kept Mother ransacking the house all forenoon for suitable reading matter.

We were just finishing dinner when he gave a shout from the bedroom.

"Nellie! Stanley! Come in here—all of you!"

This time, however, Father wasn't in a state. He had the Home Workshop Number of the *Happy Homesteader* in his hands and a wild look in his eyes.

"I've found out why the Lord did it," Father said. "He wants me to turn my hand to an invention."

"Sam!" Mother grabbed for his pulse.

Dad shook her off. "I don't need you holding my hand, Nellie. All I need is an old car."

Mother moved in again.

"Stop getting so excited, Nellie," my father said. "I'm going to call my invention The Pedro Multi-Purpose Machine—in honor of that black-hearted brute standing on all four legs and enjoying his oats in the barn."

He opened the *Homesteader* to show us how an old Model A could be converted to pump water, saw wood and chop grain. About all you had to do, according to the article, was strip it and put a pulley on the drive-shaft.

"It'll transport itself—Dad went on—and you just block up a wheel when you put it to sawing wood—or whatever it is. Down in Kansas, I was always tinkering with those things."

Father tapped his splints significantly. "Do you see what it means? The Lord flattened me out to open my eyes. It means," Dad said, "no more wasting half-a-day pumping water in the sticky heat. It means no more freezing over the saw-horse in winter, bucking firewood. We'll put it on display at the Fall Fair. There'll be custom work—more than we can handle—"

Dad settled down again. "There's just one catch. The only Model A I know of is sitting in Jay Cramer's yard."

That was a catch. Jay and my father had been feuding for years.

"It just got him up here from the States, Father said, "and quit cold. Of course, that doesn't mean too much—Jay Cramer doesn't know what end of an engine the gas goes in. But if the tight-fisted little side-

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At St. Anthony's Feet

ST. ANTHONY AND OUR LADY. The month of May is given over to special devotion towards the Mother of God and the spiritual Mother of all men. If we look to St. Anthony for words of advice and of instruction we are not disappointed. "The whole universe loves the Blessed Virgin," he declared, "for she merited to bear the Saviour of all men. She is our glorious Esther who today (Assumption) was taken up by the hands of angels to the court of King Assuerus, that is, the heavenly court, where reigns the King of Kings, the joy of angels, Jesus Christ. He loved this glorious Virgin from whom he took flesh more than all other women; and it was she who found grace and mercy in His sight."

THE GREATNESS OF MARY. "Oh inestimable dignity of Mary! Oh ineffable fulness of grace! Oh unsearchable fount of mercy! What greater grace, what greater mercy was ever shown or could be shown to man or angel than that which was shown to the Blessed Virgin Mary. For God the Father wished her to be the Mother of His own Son, who is coequal with Himself and born before all ages." (St. Anthony)

ACCORDING TO THE THOUGHT of many Franciscans, Jesus and Mary were both predestined by God—to come into the world—before Adam had sinned. St. Anthony seems to take this position too from the words of a sermon preached on Our Lady's Assumption. "Behold how great is the dignity of the glorious Virgin who merited to be the Mother of Him who is the firmament and beauty of the angels and the splendor of all the saints. For this reason we say, 'A high and glorious throne from the beginning,' that is, from the constitution of the world, she was predestined to be the Mother of God. . . ."

BIOGRAPHER WRITES: "...out of the abundance of his heart which burned with zeal for God, which bled for the wounds of His Church, which ached for the sorrows of others. . . . Only the magnet of actual personal sanctity could have had the power to draw so many souls."

ON OUR LADY. "In the Canticle of Canticles, King Solomon says: 'Go forth, ye daughters of Sion, and see King Solomon in the diadem where-



with his mother crowned him on the day of his espousals.' For Mary crowned the Son of God with a diadem of flesh on the day of His conception, when the divine nature was united to the human nature as spouse to spouse, in the womb of the Blessed Mary. Therefore this same Son today (feast of the Assumption) crowns His Mother with a diadem of heavenly glory: 'Go forth, therefore, and see the Mother of Solomon, the diadem wherewith her Son crowned her on the day of her Assumption.' Mary is for that reason called 'a vessel of solid gold, adorned with every precious stone.'" (From Sermons of St. Anthony).

OUR LADY AGAIN. "Our Blessed Lady can be compared to a young olive. In the olive tree we distinguish the tree and the fruit. The olive tree first produces a sweet smelling flower, from which comes the olive. It is at first green and then turns red; finally it becomes mature."

"St. Anne was like that tree which produces the white flower having the very pleasant odor, namely, Blessed Mary, who was like a green olive in the conception and birth of the Son of God. That is said to be green which retains its strength. The Blessed Virgin was like a green olive in the conception and birth of Jesus. She retained the strength of her virginity. She remained a virgin before and during the birth of Christ. She was like the red olive during the Passion of her Son, which pierced her very soul. Today she has become mature in her Assumption, exuberant with joy in the happiness of heavenly glory. Hence we too, sharing in her joy, sing in the Mass 'Let us rejoice in the Lord.'"

The Love Gods

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winder ever thought I might be able to make some use of it—"

Ed was pessimistic. "Cramers get the *Happy Homesteader*, too."

"That doesn't signify," my father dismissed. "That's just for show. I don't believe that illiterate little side-winder can read his own name."

Father was looking at me out of half-closed eyes. "Stanley, do you think I could trust you to get that Model A for me. Today."

"Me? Today?"

"I suppose," Father said, in exasperation, "you expect me to hop over on one leg like an African kangaroo?"

In the end, without the faintest idea of how I could get the Model A and yet not arouse Cramer's suspicion, Father decided I would leave as soon as the heat of high noon abated.

"If you don't get it," my father said, "just send word to your mother to shoot me in my sleep. And whatever you do," Dad warned, "don't start off by offering him money for it."

"Well, what should I offer? What should I say?"

"Lord save us, Stanley!" Dad was getting into a state again. "I told you to pay attention to me when I was ox-trading. But no, you have to have your mind on authoring." He tried to control himself. "If you offer Jay Cramer money, he'll know right away it's worth more. Tell him about my accident. Tell him it's my tibia. Tell him I'm not too hopeful but I might be able to use chunks of it to weight down the tandem discs."

I told Jay, as coherently as possible. When I described Father's accident, he seemed to have a hard time keeping sympathy in his face.

"Sam always was a careless man around oxen. Tell him I often told him that, Stanley."

I said I would.

"Now about my car—" Jay's eyes narrowed as he looked at me. He squinted at the rusting Model A, half-buried on a nettle heap. "It mightn't have occurred to your father that that car has real sentimental value to me, Stanley." He scratched his balding head suspiciously. "Why doesn't Sam do like everyone else and tie rocks on the discs?"

"Well"—I wished desperately I had paid more attention to Dad's ox-trading tactics—it's—it's just on his mind, Mr. Cramer. It would give him something to—to pass the time."

Jay's eyes were searching me like a hawk's.

"I've got to think about this. You go to town like you planned. See me on the way back."

My only interest in town was the mail. There was a thin envelope for me from ISLAND STORIES—and, inside, a beautiful gold-embossed cheque for \$30. It was the biggest cheque I'd ever received for my writing. With Mother's egg money, I thought, it ought to be enough for the washing machine.

The sight of Cramer's place slowed me down. Jay was in the front yard, pouring slough water around the big blue delphiniums he always showed at the Homesteader's Fall Fair. He appeared startled when I spoke to him.

Then he pushed his hat back on his head regretfully.

"Stanley, tell Sam I hate like all get-out to turn down an old neighbor. But, hang it, the wife won't hear of it!"

Jay wiped his brow with pious exasperation.

"I guess," Jay said, "it's because it was our honeymoon car. She can't stand the thought of it being used to weight down a disc."

I couldn't think of anything to do but turn away. I was beginning to believe Father was right when he said I'd never make an ox-trader.

Then Jay spoke casually. "That salesman fellow says your mother's talking of buying a washing machine."

I turned slowly. Jay looked as if an idea was just beginning to dawn on him. A desperate, last-chance idea to say my father's life.

"You know women," Jay said. "Now the wife's got the same notion—pestering me to buy her one. I just told her flatly there's not the money. Now maybe—just maybe—if I told her you folks wanted to buy the car... She's saved a bit of egg money... and maybe—just maybe," Cramer said, "I could talk her out of her sentimental attachment to the car."

When I trudged into the yard, Father had his face squeezed against the window screen, watching for me. "He didn't get it," I heard him moan strickenly to my mother. "Well, that's life for you. The Lord strikes a man down in the prime of his life, then He won't even let him get a Model A so that he isn't a burden to all around him—"

"I got it," I said. "I'm to take the oxen over and haul it home."

"Well, what's the matter with you, then?" my father asked. "You're not lying in this infernal heat. You haven't got a broken leg—"

I told him about the cheque—now in Cramer's purse. Cramer had asked \$50, but finally settled for my 30. I didn't tell Dad I had meant the cheque to be for Mother.

"Thirty dollars!" I thought Father was going to break another leg. "I'd lay odds that crook just got out of the States in time to escape a sheriff's posse. If I could train Pedro to kick every time he saw a hypocrite's face, I'd give Cramer that ox for a Christmas present."

Father's enthusiasm for the Pedro Machine took over.

"Well, never mind, son! Wait till that reprobate sees it on display at the Fall Fair. He'll be fit to take off on a second honeymoon!"

When I was hitching up the oxen, Mother came out to the yard.

"Stanley, you did what I would have wanted. Don't be vexed about the money. The hens are still laying—and with any luck at all with the crop..."

The Wrycjoskis drove down on Sunday.

I was surprised to see Mr. Wrycjoski riding along on the front seat of the big wagon, hunched forward unhappily against the heat. Rose and her mother sat primly on chairs in the back of the wagon. As he turned into our yard Mr. Wrycjoski looked around, as if to make sure they were still there.

He threw the reins to Ed and Bub and jumped down on the baked ground in front of me. He jerked his head, so that one shiny red mustache pointed in the direction of his family.

"Chairs! Stanley, I don't like to say this, but I dunno what kind of a daughter Rosie's turning out to be. I suppose she thinks if she marries an author, she'll never have to stand up."

Mr. Wrycjoski staggered towards the house, muttering about the heat. I helped Rose and her mother down.

Mother, smiling, met us in the kitchen. Rose kissed her cheek. Mr. Wrycjoski was already standing in the door to the living room, where my dad—the left leg resting on a chair before him—sat like a martyr.

"I hear you have a very bad accident, Sam?" Mr. Wrycjoski said.

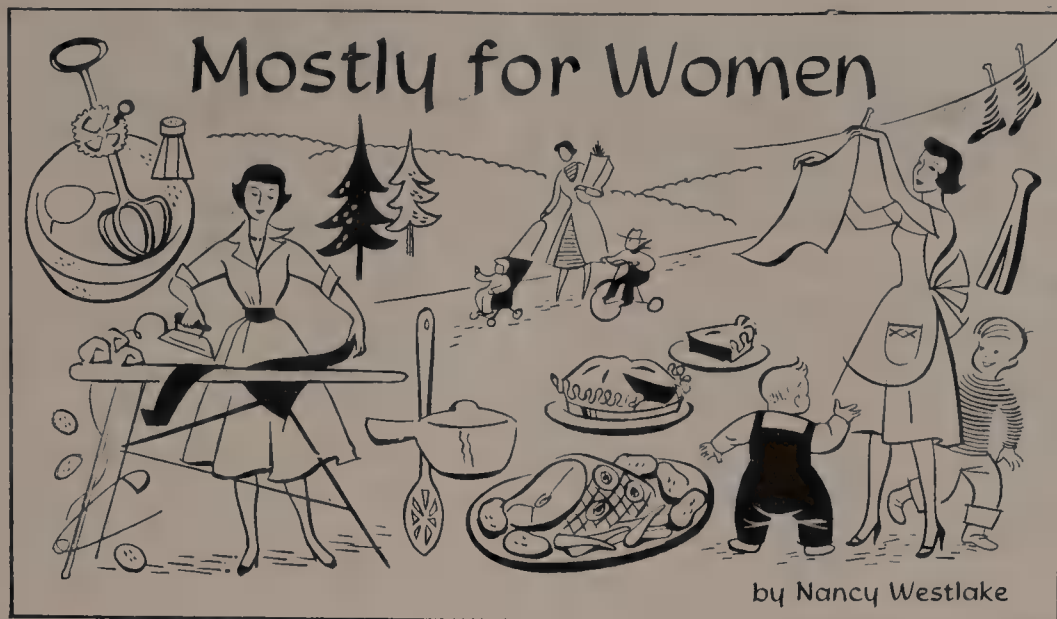
"The Lord sends His crosses," Father said bravely. "The harvest work nearly on us and me with a smashed tibia!"

"That bad, heh?" Mr. Wrycjoski sucked in his breath. "I heard she was your leg."

Rose slipped her hand into mine. "Stanley, it's so hot in the house!"

Outside, it was so hot the mud-

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"Wake me early tomorrow, Mother . . .

. . . FOR I'M TO BE QUEEN of the May!" Or am I? Do they *have* Queens of the May anymore? And whatever happened to the Maypole?

Although the old order changeth and I haven't seen a Maypole in years, I note with relief that children still do make May baskets. Or at least they assemble them. Perhaps the latter would be a better description. Today's May baskets come from the stationer's, all packaged in shiny cellophane, complete with an appropriate sentiment to tuck between the flowers. In some cases, even the flowers are paper pre-fab jobs; perhaps the only possible solution for the gardenless city kid, but somewhat lacking in the old-fashioned charm department. Not nearly so appealing as wilted violets and roses purloined from a neighboring yard. It's too bad.

Not that I think today's do-it-yourself packages are a totally bad deal, nor that I advocate a return to homespun dresses and the corn-cob doll. But I strongly suspect that "do-it-yourself" usually means, "We've done all the hard parts here at the factory. Now you put the pieces together." This may be handy for dilettantes and busy adults with very little time and/or ingenuity, but it's terrible for children, who are capable either of copying or creating afresh . . . whichever alternative is presented to them as desirable. They can create so much more excitingly than their elders it seems a shame to short-change them. A messy old May basket made by hand has a freshness and happiness about it not to be equalled by a parcel of printed symmetrical substitutes.

Of course, the do-it-yourselfers may claim . . . with a good deal of cause

. . . that assembling pieces into a finished product is in itself a form of creating; and that in children, who naturally mimic the world around them, creating is really only a form of copying. This is half true. But here, we as parents, and thus tutors, must draw the distinction between conceived and composed creation. This distinction has, perhaps, become muddled in our minds by a generation of advertising ballyhoo and assembly line society. We expect things now to come to us already made up, or at the very least to be jiffy, instant, pre-fabricated, ready-mixed, or pre-frozen. Our artistic reflexes are becoming pre-frozen . . . and it's all too easy to pass this sterility along. For example, let's take the case of Jimmy and the Crayons:

Six year old Jimmy, proud possessor of a huge box of brand new crayons is presented with a companion piece. This is an equally gigantic coloring book, full of the outlines of dogs and cats and Mickey Mice. It will amuse him for many a happy hour.

Jimmy fills in page after page of the outlined pictures with all his 48 crayons in succession, including the gold and silver. He is quiet; Mother is happy; all is serene. Some coloring books, horrible to say, have notations in the spaces to be tinted: "Blue here" . . . "Color this wagon red," et cetera. But this book of Jimmy's leaves him free to experiment. He uses one color after another until he has tried out the whole boxfull. He fills in every page, and very neatly, too. Then his Mama buys him a new coloring book.

This is not morally wrong, of course. It isn't even condemnable as action for the sake of action, since Jimmy did truly exercise his own

choice and a certain amount of brain cells in choosing the colors from his box and applying them within the boundaries of the delineations. "Within the boundaries" is perhaps the key. How much messier, and how much better, creatively speaking, is the result of this routine:

Jimmy, crayons, et cetera, in hand, is presented with a large tablet of blank paper. Each sheet is just sitting there, waiting for him to give the directions. No "Blue here, red here" . . . not even the outlines of favorite characters.

"But what shall I draw, Mommy?"

"Well . . . why don't you draw me a . . . oh, draw me whatever you want."

And for reason of this example, Jimmy conceives of, draws and colors, a big green cat. This is artistic conception, junior grade, and not to be sneezed at. It is so much better than a carefully filled-in outline of Cinderella arriving at the ball . . . "Color the pumpkin orange" . . . that the two should not even be compared, much less hung in the same room. This is conceived creation, as opposed to composed creation . . . Jimmy filling in the outline.

According to the ads and the curricula of a great many schools, this distinction doesn't matter, and anyone who says it does is a fanatic aesthete, with sandals and no make-up. There is a difference between letting the child alone and letting him run wild, but this escapes the hidebound.

Well, whenever I begin to sound less and less like Fanny Farmer and more and more like Westbrook Pegler, it's time to quit. Maybe the whole controversy doesn't matter to you anyway. If so, on with the pre-fabs. I will, for your sake, sound a small note of amelioration. This whole diatribe may be founded on ranking envy. I have never yet been able to put together the pre-fabricated Christmas star printed and included in *Life* magazine, Christmas, 1954. Each year I try, and then I put the pieces back into the Christmas-decoration box, the rips done up with scotch tape, the directions splashed with tears. It's getting rather shabby, but I fully intend to try again, seven months from now. It is obviously out of Dali, by Einstein, and too much for the common man. It has soured me on all pre-fabs except the packaged cake-mix. If nothing comes of it in '57, I'll let you know; and we'll discuss the best methods for punching stars out of

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Educate

a worthy boy so that he
can reach the Altar of God

Co-operate

in the Missionary work
of the Graymoor Friars

Participate

in God's Holy work for
the Salvation of Souls

You CAN satisfy the charity
burning in your heart to do all
of these things. Perhaps, in
justice to yourself, you feel that
you cannot do them right now.
But by remembering the Gray-
moor Friars in your will you
can accomplish all this and
share in the rewards promised
by Christ. Keep alive the Chris-
tian tradition of real charity by
sharing something with Christ,
Our Blessed Lord and Saviour



Here's How:

Merely insert in your will: I give, devise, and
bequeath to the Friars of the Atonement, Inc.,
Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., the sum of \$_____

Mostly for Women

Continued from page 23

the bottoms of old soup-cans. Con-
ceived creation is better anyhow.
N'est-ce pas?

Hey!

Is it too early to start thinking about
picnics? I sure hope not, because
these are sandwich fillings and so
forth, designed for the al fresco feast
... with ants, without salt ... who
left *that* home? Forthwith,

Seven Snappy Sandwich Spreads

Opus One: to the usual egg-salad
sandwich mix, add a small can of
deviled ham spread ... this will do for
up to six eggs. Of course, if you're
feeding the multitudes, use the large
can. Whip the two together, season
with a spoonful or two of sweet-pick-
le juice and spread on rye bread.
Filling, and different.

Opus Two: Combine a small pack-
age Philadelphia cream cheese with
three tablespoonsful orange marma-
lade ... and the more tart the mar-
malade, the better the resulting
sandwich spread. Distribute this
judiciously between slices of Boston
brown bread or raisin bread, and
watch for smiles.

Opus Three: Open a can of Vienna
sausages, chop up the little fellers,
and mix in about two large table-
spoonsful sandwich spread, of the
pickle-relish variety. Add a dash of
brown mustard, and serve on wheat
bread. This is a variation of ham-
salad, of course, but a nice one.

Opus Four: Slice a kindly-looking
purple onion paper-thin. Slice a
juicy few slices of roast beef equally
thriftily. Butter some really fresh
white bread with real butter, and
apply beef and onions to same, with
a between-slices dash of Worcester-
shire. Aaah! But don't breathe a
word of it ... in fact, don't breathe.
This is for family picnics.

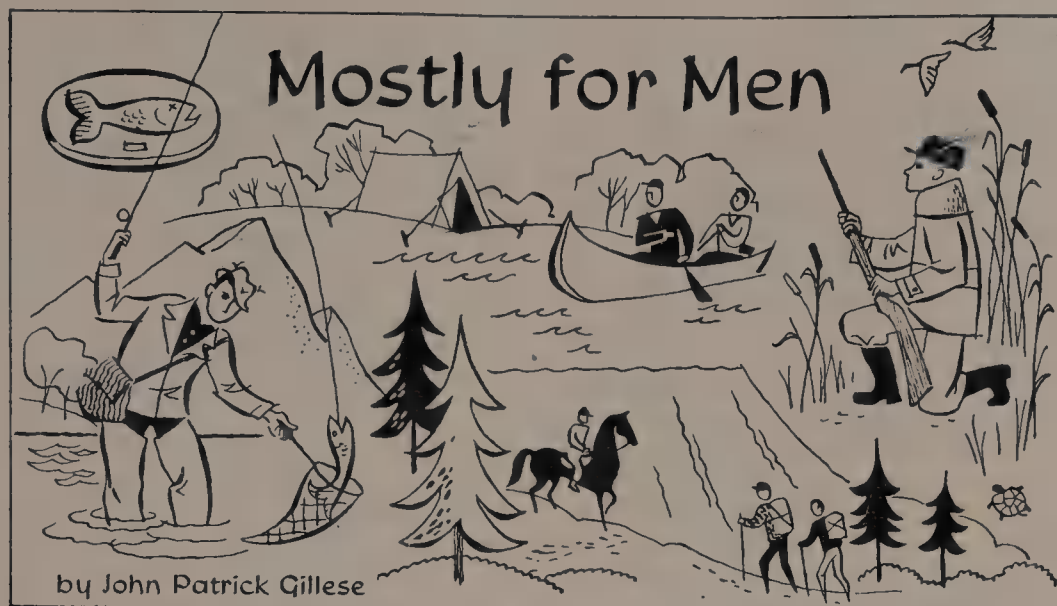
Opus Five: Give the old peanut-
butter fans a change by spreading
the bread first with lime marmalade
or a little sweet chutney. *Very little.*
But good!

Opus Six: Brown some canned corn-
beef hash. Cool. Mix with brown
mustard and horseradish, to taste.
Spread thick rye bread with a little
catsup. Apply hash. Expect applica-
tions for seconds.

Opus Seven, and out: Add a little
curry powder to the canned crab-
meat before turning it into crab-
salad-sandwich spread. Let set.
When the mayonnaise is added,
sneak in a drop or two of Dill Sauce.
Just a drop, I said!

See you next month!

†



I THINK IT WAS CHESTERTON who observed that it is an astonishing thing that people are no longer astonished! Which is as good a way as any of leading up to the subject of ghosts.

It may be the Irish in me, or it may be that I am one of those people who can be astonished, but there is nothing more I used to enjoy than a good ghost story. I say "used to enjoy" because, long ago, I found much more astounding true stories of the supernatural than that of the ghost ship that supposedly sails Canada's Bay de Chaleur—or of the ghost flitting eerily through an Old English castle and the unperturbable Englishman saying to his wife: "By Jove! Midnight already!"

Here is one of those stories.

A relatively unknown hermit named Father Sharbel Malhouf, born in Lebanon and ordained in 1858, died in his monastery cell on Christmas Eve, 1898. He had been noted for his quietness and his holiness, but it was 29 years after his death before the world began to hear of him.

Father Younes, superior of the monastery where the monk was buried, was awakened three times by a hand on his arm and a voice saying: "You must open my tomb—I am Father Sharbel."

The superior, taking a look, found a trickle of blood flowing from the long-sealed burial place. He ordered the tomb opened.

Inside, the investigator found the hermit's body, incorrupt and flexible and bathed in a perspiration of blood and water. Naturally the news brought thousands of pilgrims—including a blind Moslem. Many notable cures have been reported—hundred of them, in fact, including that of the Moslem—and the cause of Father Sharbel's beatification has been underway in the Vatican for some time.

Much more amazing to me than

the complex trouble in the Near East is this tale of sanctity. You might almost conjecture that God had His Own special plans for the quiet monk and that, perhaps, he was saved for this time of trouble in that part of the world.

Should the Muslims ever turn to Christ, it would be one of the greatest mass conversions of all time. And they are becoming more and more impressed. Fatima is a sacred word to them: it was the name of the Prophet's favorite daughter. In their struggle for political and economic independence in the Near East trouble-spot, they have found the Catholic the fairest in assaying their problems; in America they have stated that only the Catholic Press presented their side of the picture in the controversy over Israel.

No Catholic but must admire their loyalty and devotion to the religion that has been theirs since the days of Mohammed—and not one of us but should add an extra prayer that they will yet see the light of the one true faith.

Perhaps to that end Father Sharbel will play a monumental role.

* * *

As I said at the beginning, when I read a story like that—or when I read of how, in 1935, when the coffins of Francisco and Jacinto (the Fatima children) were opened, Jacinta's face was still intact and incorrupt "and the good odor of Paradise hung around her"—believe me, I am impressed.

Numerous times, in their diocesan weekly, Catholics read of such marvels and of many miracles, but I often wonder if they really believe what they read—or if some sort of hypnotic trance has glazed their minds against the astounding significance of such news-stories.

I do know this: that of all the wealthy Catholics I have known,

many have travelled long distances to football games, or on tours of the Mediterranean...but so far, few have gone even to the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre in Quebec, to reflect on the crutches and wheelchairs left there by men and women who were cured...to ask themselves just what an inexhaustible power God has given them through even those members of the human race who fought the good fight and attained His Reward.

They are truly our dear departed—part of us through the mystery of the communion of saints. Those in Purgatory look to us for release and help. In heaven, boundless is the good they can, and do, do for us.

How foolish we are to exhaust ourselves seeking the help of human acquaintances when, without any official appointment, without any more to offer than a penitent heart, we can prayerfully ask their help—the help of St. John, on whose bosom Christ rested...the help of St. Therese, who promised to spend her heaven doing good on earth....

* * *

Since this is May and I'm speaking of saints, mind if, just this once, I put in a "plug" for my favorite? I don't know what St. Patrick will say to me when (as legend has it) he is given the privilege of judging the Irish, but long ago I fell in love with a saint I always picture as the lovely little madcap of heaven! None other than St. Therese, the Little Flower. (Who else would let fall a great shower of roses on her beatification day?!)

The amazing thing is that she, too, was born in our own time—in 1873. She was canonized on May 17, 1925.

A good friend, as well as a good priest, once said to me:

"If anyone ever has any doubts about the Catholic Church being the one true Church, all he has to do is reflect that, in our lifetime, a little peasant girl, who gave her life to that faith, has become known to all the world. I've asked many a simple man and woman when Columbus discovered America or who invented the steam engine—and they didn't know. But they all know who the Little Flower was!"

She has made her imprint on non-Catholics as well as on our own. An Anglican minister, the Rev. A. N. Guest, writing in *The Universe*, had this to say:

"If we, both Anglicans and Romans, could unite in prayer through the intercession of Soeur Therese, and if a novena to her were begun

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NATIVE EVERGREENS

We are now booking spring orders at the following Lowest wholesale prices

Rhododendron Maximum,

2 to 3 ft. 25 for \$25.00. 100 for \$75.00

Mountain Laurel,

2 to 3 ft. 25 for \$25.00. 100 for \$75.00

Canadian Hemlock,

2 to 3 ft. 25 for \$25.00. 100 for \$75.00

3 to 4 ft. 25 for \$35.00. 100 for \$110.00

JAMES R. McGUIRE

Piney Flats, Tenn.

Enjoy an income for life

GRAYMOOR GIFT ANNUITY PLAN

Read back cover

"go teach ye
all nations"



The Graymoor Priest, in the footsteps of Christ, goes through the world winning souls for God's Kingdom. His is a satisfying life of high adventure that calls for deep charity and sacrifice. Young men of High School and College age are invited to join us in our noble, thrilling work.

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Graymoor, Garrison, New York

Please send me without obligation your literature in regard to:

☐ Priesthood ☐ Brotherhood Age _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Mostly for Men

Continued from page 25

for our reunion, I have no doubt that it would be as suddenly accomplished as was the conversion of the 3,000 Israelites on the day of Pentecost. I conclude, therefore; let us cease controversy and betake ourselves to prayer."

* * *

I'm beginning to have a suspicion (from the letters that come my way) that "Mostly for Men" is read Mostly By Women! (Or perhaps it's just that women write more than men!) One lady even wrote triumphantly to tell me how she had worked out an alternative solution to one of my brain-teasers—and it only took her five minutes! (Never met a man who got it that fast, I'm ashamed to admit.)

This being the month of Mary and of mothers everywhere, I'm taking time off just to say a word of appreciation, on behalf of all men. For all our faults, and they are legion, not a one of us walks down the street without inwardly reflecting how good God was when He created women. The toughest man that ever lived still has the memories of mother. The crankiest husband that ever started off for the office isn't half-way there before he has recalled all the sacrifices his wife made so he could meet his fellow-man with a better mien; all the times she had to stay home and watch the kids and finish folding diapers and iron his shirts, while he went golfing or to a poker game. The proudest father—watching his son graduate at the head of his class, or his daughter looking like a dream of youth—has paid more tribute in his heart to the mother who raised them than he even asked for the 6,000 days he trudged to his bus or to his office to feed and clothe them. The priest, serving the greatest Master in the highest vocation given to man, turns at the end of the weary day to His understanding Mother.

Women, in a recent nation-wide poll, listed the ten paramount faults they found in husbands. *Mea culpa, mea culpa*—here they are:

1. Drinking; 2. Thoughtlessness and lack of consideration; 3. Selfishness; 4. Domineering; 5. Waywardness; 6. Stinginess; 7. Lack of interest in the Home; 8. Taking wife for granted; 9. Too much complaining; 10. Gambling and Smoking.

Not a man but would protest that sometimes he drinks because he doesn't know where to turn; that too often he forgets to praise his wife because he's harried and harassed

by everyone from a Jehovah Witness on the streetcorner to some prying parasite from the Income Tax Department; that he neglects his home on some deal that might give him \$500 extra he'd love to give his wife for a new fur coat—and the deal falls flat on its face. . . .

Stung by this list of husbands' sins and provoked by the same quizzing "experts," he, in turn, would come up with the ten worst faults of wives. But I like to think that one fellow so quizzed spoke the real sentiments of us all when he said:

"Truth to tell, I don't even know how my wife put up with me all these years. Faults? Maybe she's got them, but most of the time I'm so darned grateful I don't even care." †

The Love Gods

Continued from page 22

swallow nests were falling away from the eaves. Rose and I sat in the shade of the limpid poplars. Rose took off her white straw hat and rested her dark head against my shoulder.

It was kind of hard to tell her what had happened to the ring money. Somehow it seemed a long afternoon. She still hadn't cheered up when I slipped her my only copy of ISLAND STORIES.

"You're the inspiration for it, Rose," I whispered desperately. "You're Rosita—"

Rose smiled stiffly. "And I might just as well be in the Seven Seas," Rose said.

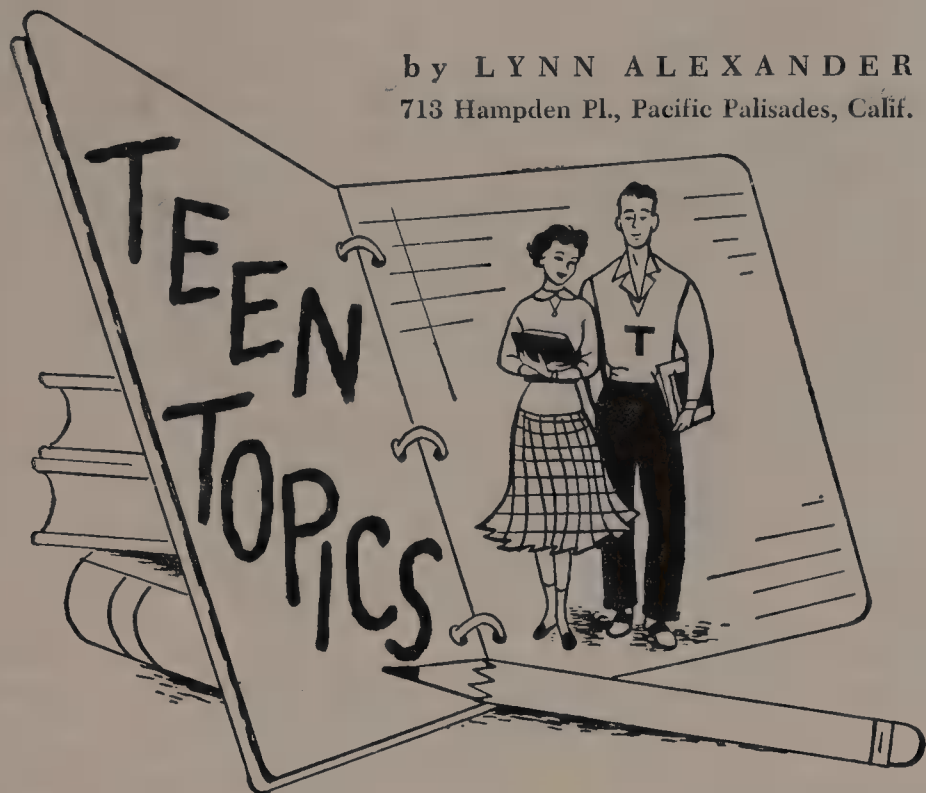
As word of Dad's accident got around, we had other visitors. Except when they were actually with him, Dad was in great form now. It got so he could—with the aid of two white-poplar crutches—hobble over to the horse-trough and scare the life out of Bunts.

Meanwhile, he had got Ed to scrounge the countryside till he found an old wagon hub—oak—that Dad figured would stand up as a pulley for his Pedro Machine. I got various clamps and set-screws from the blacksmith shop. It was hard explaining our curious running around—Father had decided the invention should be kept secret till we were sure it would work. One rumor had it that he was getting violent from the heat and the clamps were to keep him shackled to the bedpost. Dad said only one man could have been lowdown enough to start that—Cramer.

He was alternating, with amazing agility, between the house and the stripped-down Model A (hidden

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by LYNN ALEXANDER
713 Hampden Pl., Pacific Palisades, Calif.



Dear Lynn,

I am going to be fourteen and I am in the eighth grade. I have a problem. My father strongly objects to lipstick and he only allows me to wear it on certain occasions and never to school. In your column of Teen Topics, if you can find room please let me know whether or not you think I am old enough to wear it.

Your truly,
Rea

Honestly, teens, you've never seen such a flood of mail as we have been receiving on the subject of lipstick! And for the life of me, I can't understand why it should be such a problem!

Let's face it...lipstick is not a matter of morals. It is merely a matter of showing the world that you are reaching maturity. It is comparable to a boy's first razor. Why then all the fuss? I've thought about it long and seriously and there is only one logical explanation. Some parents today still regard lipstick through Victorian eyes. Time was, many years ago, when lipstick and other cosmetics were worn only by shady ladies. Cosmetics were a symbol of effrontery to the established moral code. Nice ladies simply didn't try to improve upon nature!

But those days are gone forever. Today nice ladies *do* wear cosmetics. They wear them in good taste and at appropriate times. Girls learn early that too much make-up cheapens a girl's appearance and is likely to give the wrong impression about her morals. But they learn too that a little make-up, wisely applied,

emphasizes the beauty that God intended each of us to have.

The first lipstick is not "boy bait." In most instances it has nothing to do with the opposite sex. It is merely a symbol to the girl and to her friends that she is no longer a little child but has reached adolescence, with all of its many privileges and opportunities. It is like her first long dress, her first high heels, her first real date. It is a milestone in her life.

Why create a problem where no problem should exist? Parents can discover by what other respectable girls in the community are doing at what age lipstick is appropriate. Generally, it is permissible at thirteen. Where the school forbids the wearing of lipstick, naturally those orders should be respected. But for other occasions, a light pink lipstick can do no harm.

Instead of making a heated issue out of the wearing of lipstick wouldn't it be wiser to teach the teen the talent of applying lipstick in good taste?

Dear Lynn,

In one of your columns you talked about going steady. I would like to know if you will read and print my decision about going steady. I think everyone should have this experience because you have to learn a sense of responsibility. If some kids want to get married at 16 and 18, let them, if he's the right guy and he has the love, security, and happiness to give her.

The parent always feels that she is still a baby but she's not. She has

to face life sometime and if she's found love and happiness, let her go. If God grants it, He will let it happen, if not, He would put a stop to it. When our parents were young, they thought that when they went steady, they were going to marry the fellow. But today it's different. Girls go steady with one boy because they like him better than the others. If it becomes serious, they will get married. If not, they will simply break up. If it does get serious they will probably wait until they are old enough and he has the money and security for her and the children.

Yours truly,
Sue

I hope all of you had the opportunity to see the wonderful presentation of going steady on TV's top program, *Home*. It was terrific! High among the features on the program was the policy of St. Mary's High school in Lynn, Mass. St. Mary's recently took the bull by the horns. They outlawed going steady for any of their students. If you saw the program, you know that educators, psychiatrists, and many teens throughout the country came to the unanimous decision that going steady is not right for teens unless marriage is in view.

On the surface, going steady looks like a harmless convenient arrangement. That surface sheen in itself is misleading. While undoubtedly there are many advantages to going steady, they are far outweighed by the disadvantages. The greatest of these is the fact that the teen is turning his back on years of valuable experience. Knowing people, learning to discern their character, getting along with all kinds is not a talent with which we are automatically endowed at birth. It is a talent to be learned by patient experience. To narrow this down, during the teen years we are searching for the sort of person with whom we want to share the rest of our life. Is it likely that we have found this person at fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen? Not likely! For we have not yet achieved the experience to evaluate character.

But there is more to going steady than the lost years of experience and the fun which dating at random provides. Teens who go steady underestimate the sex urge. They cannot foresee that being thrown together with one person so intimately and so constantly breeds a "married feeling." It stimulates the normal desires, which in themselves are not sinful,

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Teen Topics

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but can become so by lack of self control. Feeling so closely bound to each other, it does not seem so sinful to allow liberties that lead to sins against purity. As one teen put it, "It's not as though I would allow just *any* boy to do that!" With marriage impossible or in the distant future, the self control demanded of steadies is often thought impossible.

Most steadies do not get married. They break up. When this happens, it is almost like the dissolution of a marriage. There is the inevitable period of heartbreak and readjustment.

No, Sue, going steady is *never* a good idea!

For all the Pen Pal fans, there is a new list available. Just drop me your request and include your name, address, age, and 25 cents to cover handling costs. Till next month when we have a wonderful letter from a wonderful teen, God's best to you and yours! †

The Love Gods

Continued from page 26

behind the barn) when Jakimo Jones returned. The washing machine salesman was desperate to sell Mother the latest farm model, but Mother wouldn't buy without cash.

Jakimo was shrewd. He eyed our coloring crops, then turned to her again.

"Mrs. Harrison, you are a fine, intelligent and honest woman. Therefore, I am going to ask you to permit me to install this machine in your home—absolutely without obligation, madam. Use it till I return. Let your neighbors admire it. If you aren't delighted beyond your wildest expectations—if you still feel it is a luxury you can't afford—I will take it back, without remuneration or hard feelings in the matter."

It was an offer Mother couldn't resist.

Jakimo Jones was hardly out of the yard till the washing machine was going—by hand. Dad shook his head in astonishment at the pile of clothes Mother had heaped on the porch around it.

"Nellie, if you had a pulley on that thing—"

"It's no work, Sam!" Mother looked as if she had riches.

"You know he just figures you'll get so you can't do without it? And the wheat's pretty short in the heads, Nellie—"

"I know, Sam." The glow never left Mother's face. She still had her steadily-growing pile of egg money.

"But I thought since he wanted to leave it so badly, I might as well get a bit of washing done. It gives a body a rest-up for harvest."

She was like a new woman around the house, reading the instructions and the new literature which the salesman had left in abundance.

Dad's limp grew less every day; and now he was in a fever to get the Pedro Machine going before we started binding. Our wheat—Marquis—shelled easily; it had to be cut before a certain stage, and quickly. Once we started, we'd bind from early morning until the September dews fell heavily at night.

I was repairing the binder canvasses when the moment of testing came. Henry Ford himself couldn't have looked any prouder than Father, when he assembled us behind the barn.

He took his stance by the engine. He rolled up his shirt sleeves; tested the resistance of his left leg. He cranked—and cranked—and nothing happened. He cranked till his shirt was wringing wet. He took it off—his shirt—and cranked again, choking the engine. It spluttered in blue smoke.

Bub and Ed yelled. Bunts ran in circles and barked. But the cheering was premature. The engine sputtered and died. Gasoline trickled out of the carburetor.

Dad muttered something about the engine being as contrary as its original owner. He cleaned the spark plugs with his handkerchief, tinkered some more, cranked again.

The engine roared to life and away.

Mother was afraid it was going to shake itself to bits, but the smile on Father's face was a thing to behold. Above the roar of the engine and the frenzied barking of Bunts, Father raised his face to the sky.

"I thank you, Lord! But next time, use any instrument but an ox."

The following day I opened a face on the wheat, while Dad got busy on a form for the pump. The wind blew gently from the pasture bush; from my seat on the binder, the wheat-field was a coverlet of waving gold. The oxen pulled steadily.

When I turned the pigpen corner for the second swath, Dad looked up from his form to give me a victory wave. He figured now the sacrifice of time was well worth-while. All of us could get out and work in the fields and not have to pump water until nearly midnight. Even I felt that the Pedro Machine had been worth all the sacrifice.

I saw Mother moving briskly about the yard and holding blocks of wood

around the pump. She wanted to be part of the harvest rush, too—wanting to feel needed, I thought... or maybe to feel that, if she asked for the extra money for the washing machine, it wouldn't be too much of an extravagance now.

Bunts jumped in the stubble for mice, as Ed and Bub set up the first stooks. The sun was like a benediction. Everything was going our way.

Three turns before dinner was about all the plodding oxen could make. It wasn't until I drove them into the yard that I realized something had gone wrong. Dad and Mother were standing by the well, and Bunts was sniffing at the smoking engine as if it was a snake playing dead.

"It just hasn't the power, Stanley," Dad said, as I came up. "It needs a new magneto." He looked at my Mother. His face was more unhappy than when he'd broken his leg. "We haven't the money—I've spent more now than I should have on the infernal thing."

Mother turned to face the porch, where the washing machine had sat so proudly. I think maybe that moment was the hardest she'd had since we came to the bushland.

When she turned to my dad, she was smiling wisely.

"Sam," she said calmly, "I thought something unexpected would happen. So I've been saving back a bit of the egg money—"

My father put his hands weakly across his eyes.

"Nellie, some day I'll—I'll—"

"Sam," my mother said softly, "you've given me everything already."

The grain was in the bin when Jakimo Jones came back.

Up until the very end, I knew Mother had hoped against hope. But the long heat-wave had taken its toll. Threshing lasted less than a day.

"I thought, Mrs. Harrison—" The salesman was genuinely astonished. "Even if you paid me \$30 now—"

"I can't, my mother said. "We're just homesteaders, Mr. Jones."

She stood on the empty porch a long time after the salesman had gone. Then she looked at the converted engine pumping water, while Dad carried brimming pails to the pigpen.

"We're getting somewhere, Stanley." There was pride in Mother's voice. It's things like that that get a family ahead. And your father will be so proud at the Fair..."

Father was.

If a rocket had been on display in Wild Brier Valley, it couldn't have

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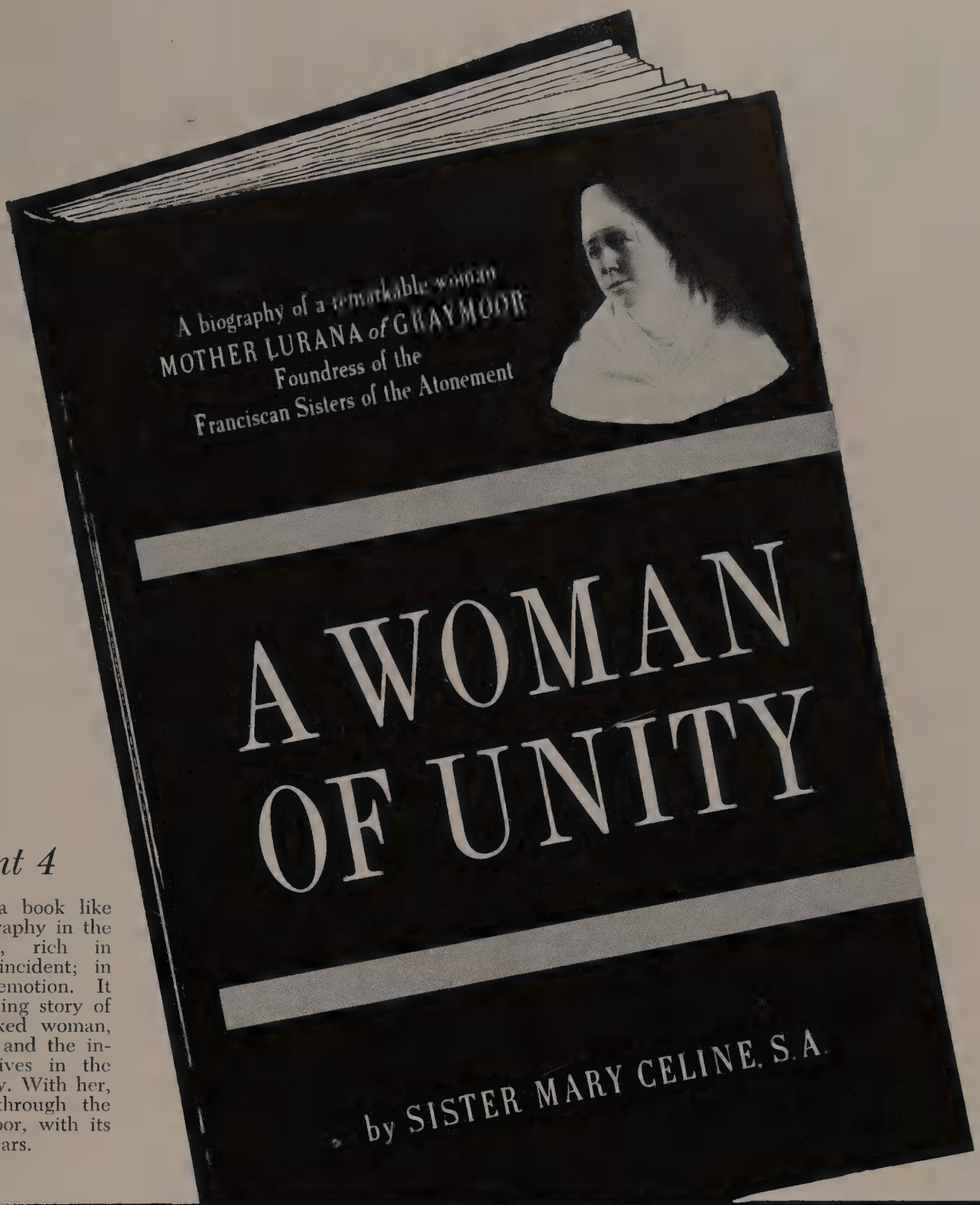
Installment 4

Rare today is a book like this . . . a biography in the great tradition, rich in character and incident; in thought and emotion. It tells the engrossing story of a strongly marked woman, of her conflicts and the intertwining of lives in the past half century. With her, you will live through the birth of Graymoor, with its laughter and tears.

Chapter 3 (Continued)—Her Habit of Brown

Sister Lurana insisted upon returning to Rome where they spent another eventful week visiting the many shrines and churches, blessed and hallowed by the footsteps of saints in centuries gone by. On the Feast of the Ascension they heard Mass in Saint Peter's. Two days later found them en route to Assisi. As they left the railroad station to visit the Holy shrines in the birthplace of Saint Francis, they found themselves surrounded by a group of children who seemed to rise up from the earth and to increase as the little procession moved forward. All the bambini were talking at once, eager to serve as guides. This presented a difficulty, for each child was determined that the travellers should go to a different church. Sister Lurana solved the problem by choosing San Damiano, which Saint Francis had repaired with his own hands. Attached to it is the monastery where Saint Clare and her nuns lived in holy, evangelical poverty. They visited the Church of Saint Clare, the Sacro Convento and finally the Portiun-

See back cover for details



cula, the little sanctuary beloved of Saint Francis, Our Lady of the Angels.

Most fittingly the Portiuncula was her last and greatest memory of Assisi. Here she met an English-speaking Friar, Father Bernardine, O.F.M. He gave her three blessed Portiuncula crosses, one of which Sister Lurana wore on her rosary for the remainder of her life. Later on, when designing the habit for her Community, she gave the Portiuncula cross a permanent place on the Franciscan Crown. While kneeling at the

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tomb of Saint Francis, Mother Lurana handed to the Friar Sacristan a crucifix which she had purchased in one of the religious shops in Rome, asking him to lower it down until it touched the tomb of the Seraphic Patriarch. In America this crucifix was to play an important role which at this time she could not foresee.

Before leaving Assisi, the young Anglican nun requested the prayers of the Friars. Upon receiving assurance of prayerful intercessions, Sister Lurana remarked with a smile, "But would you promise so willingly if you knew that I am what you would probably consider a heretic?" Whereupon Father Bernardine (evidently he could not reconcile heresy with such a garb), eyeing with puzzled glance her Franciscan habit and white cord, replied, "We shall pray all the more willingly."

On this return voyage to America, Sister Lurana found her steamer chair alongside an English lady coming to the United States to visit her sister, the wife of an Englishman in government service at Washington. Miss Mary Buxton had been brought up in the Low Church school of Anglicanism, but through the influence of her studies of East Indian cults, she no longer accounted herself an orthodox member of the Church of England. At the time Sister Lurana was reading the *Life of Saint Francis* and passed it over to her companion. To the latter it had the force of a new revelation. She saw how impossible the existence of such a life was on any other hypothesis than that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. With the help of the Franciscan nun at her side she began to rebuild her lost faith. This chance acquaintance was to mean much to the Society of the Atonement and to Miss Buxton.

As the *Britannic* came in sight of the Statue of Liberty, Sister Lurana Mary stood on deck. Back home again in the blessed land of "room enough." Yes, and there would be room enough for her little Community of Franciscan Anglican nuns and, too, there would be ample room to extend her work, for the fields were white for the harvest.

How often had she not talked over her plans with her sister Annie. They would go straight to Warwick, where Sister Lurana would be joined by Sister Martha and Sister Ruth, her former associates of Albany, and later they would go on to Nebraska to establish their work.

Sister Martha was a good pious woman but very Low Church. She was not at all strong; in fact she suffered greatly from chronic bronchial trouble. Sister Ruth was much younger, good, but not so pious; she considered herself High Church. The three had not been together many days at the Terrace when Sister Martha declared herself opposed to Sister Lurana's devotion to the Saints, Saint Francis included. She said that the Lord was quite sufficient. As for Corporate Poverty and the brown habit, she had no use for either. The color and form of the religious dress had to be settled immediately. Sister Martha and Sister Ruth settled on black. Sister Lurana, mindful of the maxim of Saint Francis, "Where there is discord, let me sow peace," quietly acquiesced but delicately hinted that as Franciscans, it seemed desirable that they should have some brown on the habit, perhaps on the scapular. A compromise was made. Their tunic would be black, the scapular brown. Much to Sister Lurana's sorrow her dear brown habit which she had received in London was cut up and remodeled into three scapulars.

Sister Lurana begged Sister Martha to take over the Superiorship of the little band. This she gladly did and in spite of the doctrinal differences the three compan-

ions lived a happy, regular life. One room was set aside as an oratory where they made a daily meditation and recited the Day Hours of the Divine Office. Thus they prayed and waited for word from Father Wattson in Omaha. Toward the end of July that word came, a word so wholly unexpected that it was as if a bombshell had burst upon the little Community, a verbal bombshell in the form of this letter:

"I received your letter on Saturday. Did I not believe that God was unerringly shaping our course to His own glory and our everlasting happiness and peace, my present task of replying to you would be a most painful one.

"Within the last month, or six weeks, a succession of events has transpired, which has led me to accept it as the Divine Will to sever my connection with the Associate Mission of Omaha at Michaelmas, when my three years' term of service expires.

"The circumstances surrounding my case are so peculiar, private and personal, that I do not feel justified in explaining matters more fully at this writing. Later on, I may, and probably shall be at liberty to tell you all. Suffice it to say that I am following the Divine Light as best I know how, not daring to be wilfully 'disobedient to the heavenly vision.'

"A crisis in my life is impending. When I say farewell to Omaha I feel that I shall be called to make the most important decision of my life, to choose between two divergent roads, one leading to Holy Cross House, Westminster, Maryland, the other leading to Rome. I need not explain more fully. The foregoing sentence contains volumes. I am sure you will sympathize with me enough to pray daily for me, using the Collect for Whitsunday.

"Now in regard to your future. If you are certainly called of God to begin your work in Omaha, my dropping out of the ranks of the Associate Mission ought to have little or no weight with you. I am very insignificant. Someone, in the Divine Providence, will step into my place and things will go on as though I had never been a member of the institute. Father Howard, the present head, is a much better executive than I and being a very godly man, he will command your admiration for his piety as well as his wisdom. I have handed your letter to him and he will correspond with you in regard to your coming.

"Praying more earnestly for you than ever, I remain with reverent regards for Sisters Martha and Ruth."

There was a moment or two of tense silence in the room as Sister Lurana finished reading the letter. An excited conversation followed. Under these circumstances would it be advisable to continue preparations for the Omaha foundation? Sisters Martha and Ruth nodded approval. Sister Lurana cautioned delay. When a few days later a gracious letter arrived from Father Howard, the newly appointed head of the Associate Mission, Sisters Martha and Ruth were satisfied and quite eager to proceed to Nebraska at once. Sister Lurana re-read Father Howard's letter. In it he had outlined his doctrinal position and had implied that the Sisters would be expected to conform to it. He did not consider confession, the Eucharistic fast, or religious vows at all obligatory. By the time she reached the end of his letter, the young nun realized she could never acquiesce, or be happy in attempting to do so. For quite apart from many questions of ritual observance, she had an intense devotion to Franciscan poverty which did not appeal in the same compelling manner to her companions. She saw quite clearly that if the foundation of

a Community embracing a rule of Corporate Poverty were to be accomplished at all, it would only be possible under the direction of one who himself pledged that state. Very evidently Father Howard did not.

Again, letters passed to and fro from Omaha to Warwick. Father Wattson, in answering Sister Lurana's reply to his bombshell message, said in part:

"I was profoundly touched by the spirit of faith and Christ-like love which breathed in every line of your letter. You may be sure I am deeply grateful to you and your companions for the novena, which you are making on my behalf. . . .

"I do most firmly believe that God has directly called me to lay down my present work on the Feast of St. Michael and to live henceforth more perfectly the martyr life with Jesus. Whither I shall be led, or what shall befall me, I do not know. My Lord, Whose love constraineth me, knows and that is enough. . . . As to whether it is the Divine Will to lead me into the Church of Rome, I doubt not I shall be plainly shown hereafter. . . .

"Now as to yourselves. Your pure faith in God and your devotion to His Blessed Son will not fail of its glorious reward, although that same faith and devotion may be severely tried as the pure gold, seven times in the fire, yet He is faithful Who has called you and you 'will not be disappointed of your hope.'

"If in the Divine purpose I should have no further part or share in the development and growth of your Community, it will at least be a source to me of gratitude to God that I was permitted to give your Society its name. Yet, I have not abandoned the hope that in some heavenly way, now known only to God, our future may be bound up together in Christ Jesus."

And again, when Sister Lurana had written that she had definitely decided not to go to Nebraska, Father Wattson had replied:

"I will say now that long before you wrote to me about coming to Omaha and before I knew anything about your plans, except that you had left Albany, I was minded to write and invite you to cast in your lot with the Associate Mission. Laying the matter in prayer before God, I received as my answer a refusal to let me do so, and I can truly say

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that at the very time when I was most joyful over the prospect of having the Sisters of the Atonement come to Omaha, there was in the background a secret mistrust of the thing ever being realized, owing to the original refusal of our All Wise Head to permit me to invite you to come. I will continue to pray fervently not only for yourself, but for Sisters Martha and Ruth. . . . Why not reserve a final decision until after Michaelmas and spend September, the month sacred to the Holy Cross, as far as possible in retirement and unceasing prayer for Divine Guidance? I shall sorrow greatly to see you go one way and Sisters Martha and Ruth go another."

The very thing Father Wattson feared came to pass. Sisters Martha and Ruth elected to go to Omaha, where they arrived on the Feast of the Holy Cross, September 14. Sister Lurana determined to remain in retirement in the old Warwick homestead until the Will of God for her should be more clearly manifest. She wrote to Father Wattson under date of August 25:

"As you suggest, I will wait here

until after Michaelmas and spend September, the month sacred to the Holy Cross, in camp. Did you know that the Franciscan motto to this day is, 'God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ?' In Italy I used sometimes to see in paintings Saint Paul and Saint Francis grouped together. How much alike they were . . . truly one and the self same spirit!"

So Sister Lurana Mary watched and prayed. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

During the summer of 1898 while Sister Lurana waited prayerfully in the Terrace, Father Wattson continued his ministry in Omaha. About this time he was becoming more and more conscious of the "Roman Question." On Saint Peter's Day, June 28, he missed the train for Papillion, one of his mission stations and instead of returning at once to the clergy house, he turned aside to visit a Catholic church. There he spent some time before the tabernacle, praying for light to see the truth. On reaching home he took down from the library shelves various books on the Papal

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A Woman of Unity

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controversy, pro and con, and re-examined them. For the next few days he spent every spare moment in prayer and reading. Yet, how true it is that faith, after all, comes not through much reading, but is a gift of God. Father Wattson experienced this as he sat in his room at the clergy house in the forenoon of July 5, 1898, for as he was reading Father Rivington's *Primitive Church and the See of Peter*, there came to him quite suddenly with overmastering force the firm conviction that the Papal claims were true, and that communion with the See of Peter was the real, unfailing test of Catholicity. Hitherto, Anglican books on this all-important question had served as effectual antidotes to the Catholic writings on the same subject. With this conviction came a feeling of great happiness, and kneeling, he recited the *Te Deum*. Notwithstanding, Father Wattson realized he must act with deliberation and not upon mere impulse. How could he be sure this new found faith was genuine? It needed to be tried and tested.

(Continued next month)

The Love Gods

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caused more stir. The livestock and garden exhibits, the ice-cream stand, even Jakimo Jones' display, were deserted the moment Father limped over to the spot on the baseball diamond, the site we had chosen to demonstrate the Pedro Multi-Purpose Machine. I hadn't seen Father limp so bad in weeks.

Father cranked a couple of times with no results. He looked worried as he adjusted the carburetor. He cranked again; and the Pedro vibrated into life, to the accompaniment of a roar from the home-steaders. Father bowed slightly.

Then, with him adjusting the spark and speed, and us boys feeding the firewood, the Pedro cut a 20-foot poplar tree into 20 blocks in less than three minutes. The whine of the hungry saw was a melody. The men lost all restraint.

Father lifted his hand. He turned down the governor and gazed upon his admiring neighbors. I went back to join Rose and my mother. Rose and I had made up again.

"Folks," Father said, "I'm not going to describe the scientific problems behind the building of the Pedro. I'll just say," Father said modestly, "that as I twisted and turned on my sick-

bed, thinking of what use I could be to my own family and my good neighbors, the idea came."

Father shut off the engine completely.

"You've seen it saw wood. It'll pump water, too—we've been using it all fall. And," Father said, "it'll chop grain for your livestock—a whole wagonbox full in an afternoon."

Dad smiled, the way he always did when he was about to make a joke.

"Now I ain't aiming to sign myself up to hard labor for the winter, especially with my leg in the state it's in, but I realize I got an obligation to a few of my old neighbors. All I'm going to charge—for those I feel I can spare the time to—is three dollars for the afternoon's work. That's for grinding and sawing only; you realize you've got to do your own pumping—"

Father broke off. He had spotted the Cramers on the edge of the crowd, staring, with poorly put-on smiles, at their transformed old Model A. Father forgot salesmanship.

"Any of you good neighbors want to take advantage of what time we can spare," he finished hurriedly, starting towards Jay, "just drop around any Sunday afternoon and let me know."

The Cramers had seen him coming. They almost stumbled over us in their haste to escape him. There was nothing for Jay to do but tip his hat to my mother. Mrs. Cramer smiled thinly.

"Mr. Jones told me you couldn't afford a washer, Nellie—even after you took one on trial."

Mother took it with a smile.

"Of course—" Mrs. Cramer inclined her head slightly toward the Pedro machine—"you won't make much out of that, either. By the time you pay for the gas and repairs, Jay says you'll be in the hole."

Jay tugged on his wife's arm. Mrs. Cramer smiled.

"We're due over at the Flower Display. But listen, dear, any time that washing gets too backbreaking for you, you must come over and use my machine."

My father was staring after the Cramers. But this time he did not try to catch up to them. He was looking strangely at my mother.

"What's that old witch talking about, Nellie?"

"Nothing, Sam," my mother said hastily. "You know how these salesmen gossip—"

Father pushed his good straw hat

back on his head and squinted at me.

"I'm just remembering that day you bought that thing. Did you have something special in mind about that money, son?"

He looked at Rose. Rose turned her head.

"That's sure some question for a father to ask," Dad said. He turned Rose's face gently. "Maybe if the Lord had had the ox kick me a little closer to the ears—" He was trying to make Rose smile. "Rose," Dad said, sometimes you just don't realize your own young ones have really grown. You don't see the—the sacrifice and faith of those you love most in all the world . . ."

He gave me a whack on the shoulder. "That's your machine, Stanley. Don't listen to Jay Cramer's braying about gas and repairs. There's money in it, son and"—my dad smiled—"maybe it'll come in handy till the 'Love Gods' smile."

He took my mother's arm. Suddenly there was something wonderful and proud in the way he did it.

"Mrs. Harrison," my dad said, "will you lead the way to Jakimo Jones? There'll be a washer in that wagon going home if I have to break another leg to see to it." †

Old Saint Mary's

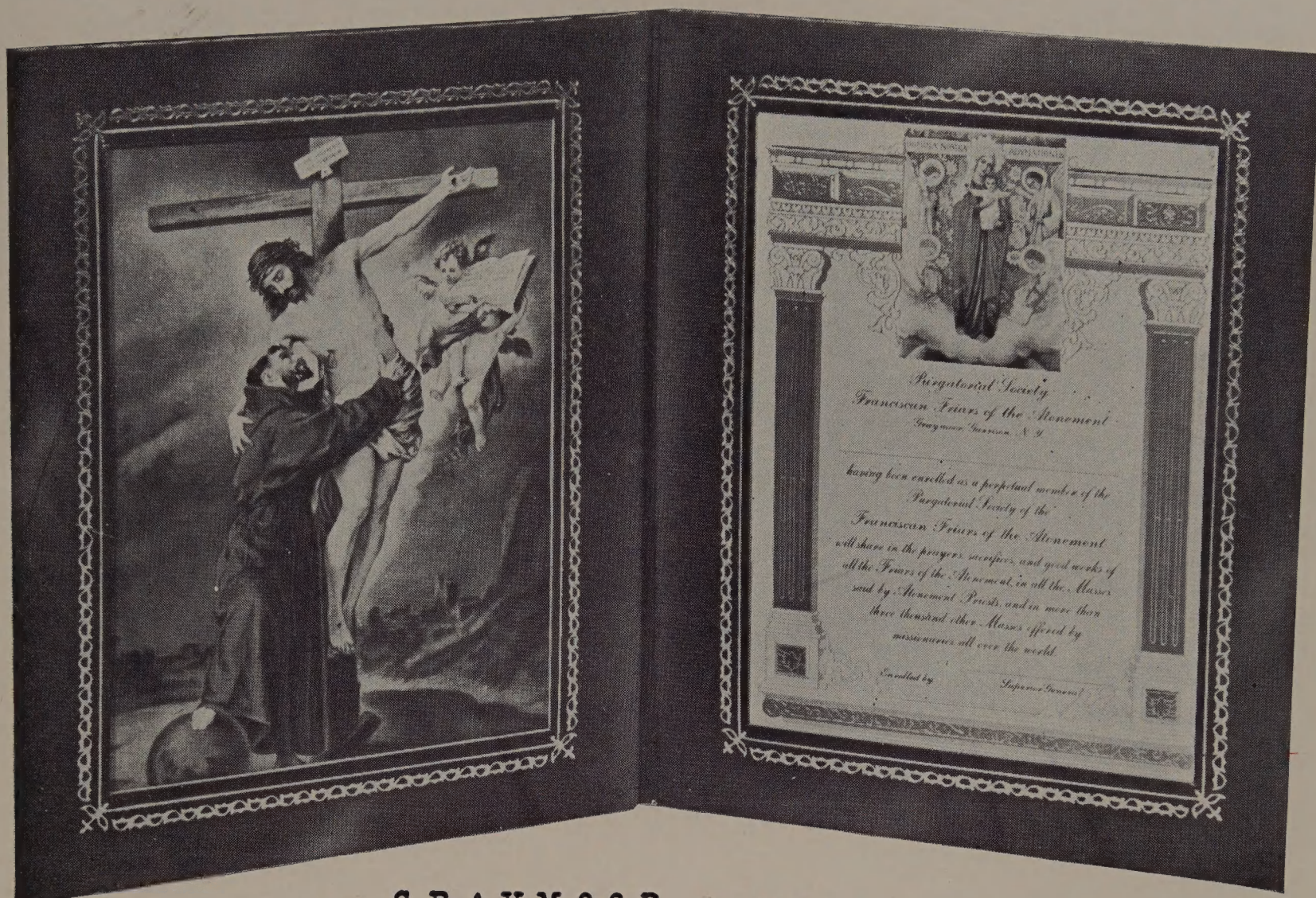
Continued from page 8

In early New England, Virginia, and Connecticut such a concept of democracy was not the case. The Puritans maintained all manner of penal statutes. In Virginia a prerequisite for holding office was the taking of the oath of supremacy in religious matters to the English King. In Connecticut everyone had to support the Congregational Church. Even William Penn was unable to grant to the members of his domain the rights of English freemen.

It is worth noting that in the only two early colonies that had Catholic governors, namely in Maryland, and in New York while Thomas Dongan was governor, civil and religious liberty prevailed as long as these colonies were under Catholic rule.

Of Old St. Mary's, Maryland's early capital, little now remains deserving the dignity of ruins, and a few relics only survive. Long since has the government been moved to Annapolis. But the place will be forever hallowed by whoever seeks to hear the quiet but decisive achievements of our history and whoever values the principles of freedom which we celebrate each year on July the fourth. †

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord... that they may rest from their labors. For their works follow them



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"Lay up treasure for yourselves in Heaven, where there is no moth or rust to consume it, no thieves to break in and steal."

This sound advice was given to all men and all women by Our Blessed Lord in His Great Sermon of the Beatitudes. He then added: "For where thy treasure is, there also will thy heart be." And, of course, we know that the measure of our treasure in Heaven is the love with which we store it there.

In the temple, Christ seeing the poor widow giving her mite so freely and so generously said: "Amen, I say to you, this poor widow has put in more than all those who have been putting money into the treasury. For they all have put in out of their abundance; but she out of her want has put in all that she had—all that she had to live on."

Many men and women to whom God has entrusted the blessing of material things in this world do not seem to realize that they are, as

far as God is concerned, only stewards of these material blessings. For with every grace, every gift, every talent God gives a corresponsive responsibility of using it to spread His Kingdom upon the earth.

"Death comes once to every man and after that the judgment," when he shall have to render a strict account of all graces, all gifts, all talents. Yes, even more, for Christ says: "Of every idle word men speak, they shall give an account on the day of judgment."

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VERY REVEREND FATHER ANGELUS, S.A.

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